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The Magazine of Better America

Red Cross Magazine

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Education on the many and wonderfully varied lines along which this country of ours is now progressing is a part of the work of the Red Cross.

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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE MARCH, 1920 VOL. XV, No. 3

JOHN S. PHILLIPS, Editor — FRANCIS R. BELLAMY, Managing Editor
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WHY THE RED CROSS HAS A MAGAZINE

THIS magazine, like the American Red Cross itself, is a thing for service. It has no other reason for being. Its purpose is to make acceptable to a great body of readers facts and actions related to the life of the individual, the family and the community, which show that the American people are practical idealists determined to achieve some measure of their hopes and dreams.

A single number can be only a partial exhibit of the policy and standards of the magazine, which is, in truth, the serial story of a better America in the making.

There is scarcely a page of the number that you hold in your hand that hasn't some wholesome fact-food and helpful inspiration for patriotic-minded Americans.

In various pages, you will get a new idea of the American Red Cross as the embodiment in a single organization of the American spirit at work. Dr. Farrand tells of the extensive plans now being carried out to build up our national vitality—the great basic problem facing us as a people. In "The March" is a clear picture of the Red Cross turning with full energy and resources to the task of helping us to be better Americans in a better America.

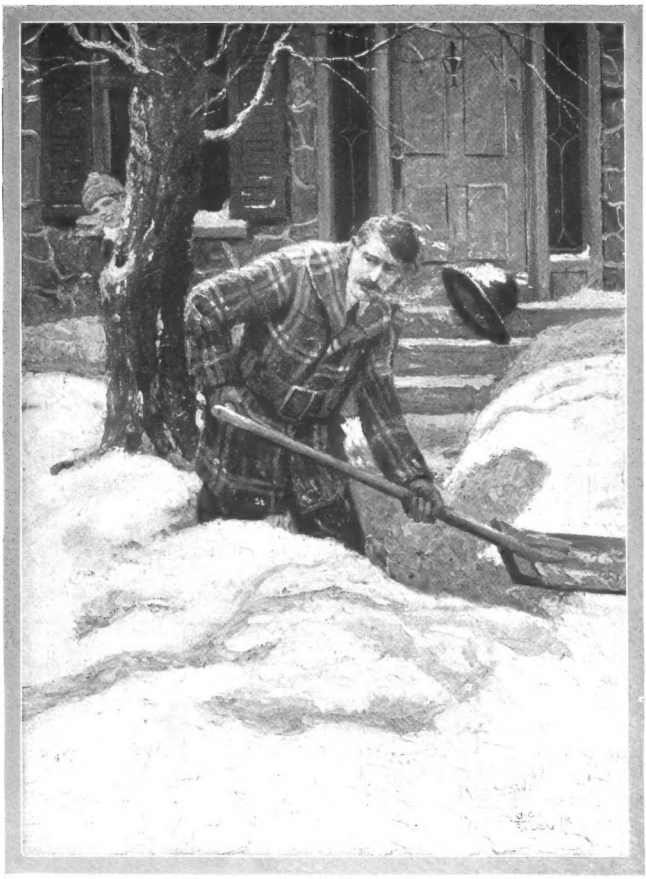
Miss Tarbell's fine story of a Factory School House shows what one great company is doing to satisfy the passion for education in the men and women who work for it. Hamlin Garland's warm, friendly sketch of Irving Bacheller, the famous novelist, pictures an American who uses his art to serve his country and to further its ideals. Ellis Parker Butler's little story, Billy Brad, isn't simply for children. It may give mature readers an understanding of things that most of us have failed to grasp. And it is such good reading.

There are ideas for every town and for all good citizens in the "Better America" articles. The story of Thomas Rose, who has a general store five miles from the railroad in South Carolina, is as inspiring a little piece as you can find in the day's magazines. From Grand Rapids, Michigan, comes the story of school children who got out the voters, because they seriously believed that every man who has a vote ought to use it. You will get quite a thrill out of this incident. The article, "One Hundred Million Neighbors," will make us, as Americans, think, although it is about Russia. It has news in it, and it will give a basis for understanding that the great majority of Russians aren't Bolshevists, and that they have carried real co-operation and community service far beyond other peoples.

Even the fiction has a high note. The simple story of "Big Jim Callahan" is a dramatic illustration of loyalty to the job,—a teaching that is much needed in this day, no matter what the calling.

These are only suggestions of what you will find in this magazine, which indicate its policy of presenting the finer side of American life.

THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE, indeed, offers the monthly evidence of a basis for justified faith in our country and ourselves. In a sense, it is a new kind of educational journal, answering to the fresh, timely needs of an aspiring America.



HELPING FATHER

Painted by J. E. Allen

A SCHOOL HOUSE IN A FACTORY

By Ida M. Tarbell

HERE IS a story, by the foremost woman journalist of America, of that passion for education which is in every one of us. It is a true story of how one American business man has helped ten thousand of his fellow men. From the viewpoint of industry, it is a story of how the sense of sharing knowledge and hope has meant larger returns for both employers and employees. It is a narrative that illustrates exactly what we mean when we talk about "A Better America in the Making." Whether you are an employer, an employee or just an ordinary American, you will find "A School House in a Factory" worth reading.

IF you were the head of a great factory, two, five, ten thousand men and women, or more, how would you go about getting acquainted with them? What route would you choose not only for getting your ideas to them but for getting their ideas to you? What method would you use for securing their co-operation in your troubles and giving them yours in theirs? This is the heart of the industrial problem. Establish free and natural communication between all of the men and women engaged in a particular enterprise, whatever it may be, and you have gone about as far as method or system can go in preventing misunderstandings and in arriving at decisions in which everyone will feel that he has had a part or, at least, might have had his part in making.

Naturally each man that has succeeded, even partially, in establishing this communication thinks his way is the best and some feel that their way is the only way. Great bodies of organized labor see in machinery by which this problem can be handled other than that which they have devised; but, without questioning what in its perfect development the union might be, it is certain that rarely in this country does it result in free communication between the management and the rank and file of industrial plants; at present, there is occasionally one sorry result and that is that the men at the bottom are not always taken in even by their own leaders. The machinery has not been so developed that they are educated to express their minds openly, as is necessary if we are to have anything like genuine co-operative bargaining.

We find many men and in the ranks in management and in the ranks believing that this or that form of shop council gives the best opportunity for free expression and certainly some of these organizations do bring the man in the ranks into close touch both with the management and with his fellows but there is always the danger of their having a narrowing influence; that is, of confining the interest of the man to his particular factory and not to the trade as a whole; and this is wrong, for if a man belongs to a great trade, there should be some way by which he should see it as a whole and have the sense of dignity and importance that being a factor in a great industry ought to give.

It is of the first importance that we should try out, in our industrial life, every device which makes for free communication; that we should have no narrow and bigoted notions that this or that is the only way but recognize that all ways which aim at this result may have possibilities in them and eventually, if allowed to develop naturally, will add something to better industrial practices.

I have recently seen in operation an institution in one of the great progressive factories of this country which, since its start probably ten years ago, has enabled the management in a remarkable way to get over to its seven or eight thousand employees all sorts of valuable and useful things; things that contribute not only to the development of the product itself but directly to the enlargement and the beautifying of the lives of the men and women employed. This particular institution has not been as successful, I take it, in encouraging the rank and file of the men and women to throw back towards the management their own ideas and feelings but that has begun and is bound to develop.

The institution, to which I refer, is founded on the thing that, after all, whatever its faults may be, has made this nation what it is. It is founded on the Little Red School House! The school house as a possible means of collective bargaining in the very highest sense is what is developing in the National Cash Register of Dayton, Ohio. And here is how I discovered it.

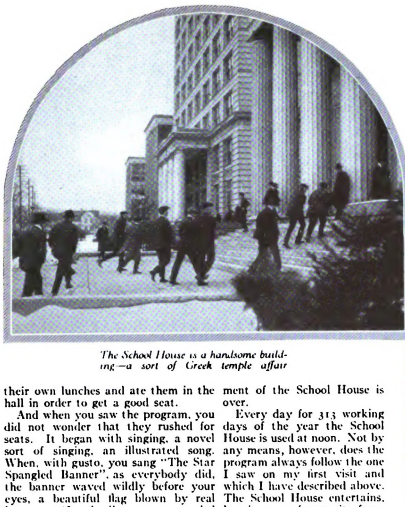
We were coming out from lunch, a good-sized party, 1400 of us at least. Excepting myself and a friend, the party was made up of men—men in their shirt sleeves and men in coats, men with the darkened hands that machine oil gives and men with the white hands of clerks. We had had a good lunch—soup, meat with vegetables, pumpkin pie, milk—all for 35 cents, eaten to the strains of an excellent orchestra, made up out of the ranks of the workers. And now luncheon was over and we were coming out of the big hall. The men came out sedately enough but no sooner had they struck the street than two-thirds of them broke into a run. It looked as if there were a fire.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, they are just going to the School House."

Not being accustomed to seeing grown men, any more than youngsters, evince that amount of eagerness to get into a school house, I, of course, asked for an explanation and I was told, "Come along and see."

The School House was a handsome building, a sort of Greek Temple affair. "Not in keeping at all with the rest of our buildings," a critical man at the top said but, putting that aside, without question it was a fine dignified structure. You mounted the steps with the kind of self-respect and pride that going into a handsome building always awakens; but it was when you were inside that your wonder broke out, for here, packed from the top of the big auditorium to the very edge of the platform were at least 1500 men and women, not only a majority of those I had lunched with but three or four hundred at least that I was told brought



The School House is a handsome building—a sort of Greek temple affair

their own lunches and ate them in the hall in order to get a good seat.

And when you saw the program, you did not wonder that they rushed for seats. It began with singing, a novel sort of singing, an illustrated song. When, with gusto, you sang "The Star Spangled Banner", as everybody did, the banner waved wildly before your eyes, a beautiful flag blown by real breezes. "Jaunita," was accompanied by a succession of lovely scenes and a heroine as lovely as the background provided for her. A really noble series of pictures went along with the noble lines of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." A more stirring and amusing exercise could hardly have been devised and it was so well done! As I found later, these illustrated songs are given careful thought. They receive vigorous criticism from different sources before they are put on, and are only finally passed when nobody can suggest an improvement.

The songs were followed by a movie, a high class movie. Now and then, when the censor is napping, a frivolous one may slip in, to the stern disapproval of the directing force but to the great joy of the audience, I am afraid. But nothing that is dull is supposed to get onto that screen and, when the play is over, all the best current event pictures are shown. In this School House in the rest hour one sees everything interesting that is going on in the world.

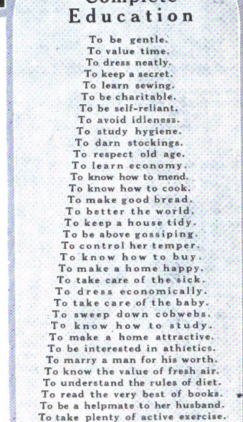
It is twenty minutes or a quarter to one by this time and work begins at one. Some of the audience will leave when the movie play is over. More of them will stay for current events; and always a good sized crowd for the ten minute speech that often comes from a visiting guest or some member of the staff—the doctor, manager, anybody that is supposed to have something to say; and then, at five minutes before one, leaving ample time to get into place in the work room the noon entertainment of the School House is over.

Every day for 313 working days of the year the School House is used at noon. Not by any means, however, does the program always follow the one I saw on my first visit and which I have described above. The School House entertains, but it never forgets its function of teaching. It was founded for that and, whatever the management at the moment thinks to be most needed by the industrial community, is prepared for the platform. In presenting a subject, every ingenious method that can be devised is employed for "putting it over," making it stir and penetrate. Almost invariably pictures are used, for to picture things, visualize them, is one of the most sacred doctrines of the School House. You must see to understand; and so to teach by pictures as well as by the written and the spoken word has been a cardinal principle of the School House ever since it was opened.

Of course such entertainment and instruction are only possible where there is a fine cinema outfit. I went behind the scenes to look at the equipment at the N.C.R. and I doubt if there is a movie theatre in the country that has a better. Constant improvements are made in the plant; experiments in new effects are always in progress and, as for enthusiasm, those connected with the work are full of it. They see the educational value of it and put ingenuity and interest into everything they do for it. They couldn't hold their positions a week if they didn't, for

the dynamic force that drives the School House, the founder of the business, Mr. J. N. Patterson, tolerates nothing that is slovenly or dull and is never satisfied until everything undertaken is made as perfect as possible.

The result is that a wealth of pictorial material on all sorts of topics has been accumulated. There are at least 75,000 slides now on file. Rarely have I seen more beautiful pictures. Most of them are colored. The work is done at the factory itself for the photographic department, like the cinema equipment, is complete in every particular and in it the latest developments in the art are always tried out. These colored slides are mounted according to subject in big swinging frames. They are arranged in proper sequence for an intelligent talk and, in many cases, the text of the talk is on file for the pictures, so that if the School House needs, for


A
Girl's
Complete
Education
To be gentle.
To value time.
To dress neatly.
To keep a secret.
To learn sewing.
To be charitable.
To be self-reliant.
To avoid idleness.
To study hygiene.
To darn stockings.
To respect old age.
To learn economy.
To know how to mend.
To know how to cook.
To make good bread.
To better the world.
To keep a house tidy.
To be above gossiping.
To control her temper.
To know how to buy.
To make a home happy.
To take care of the sick.
To dress economically.
To take care of the baby.
To sweep down cobwebs.
To know how to study.
To make a home attractive.
To be interested in athletics.
To marry a man for his worth.
To know the value of fresh air.
To understand the rules of diet.
To read the very best of books.
To be a helpmate to her husband.
To take plenty of active exercise.
To keep clear of trashy literature.
To understand character building.
To take an interest in the schools.
To understand emergency nursing.
To be light hearted and fleet footed.
To be womanly under all circumstances.

Lessons taught by means of posters make a deep impression

instance, instruction on Russia, it is easy to put one's hand on the pictures and text and to fit into the entertainment new facts and pictures.

The range of topics is very great. Much is made of travel, particularly of travel in the United States. There are slides in the collection from every state and from the leading cities. There are many beautiful things from Europe. A few months ago a delegation of Swiss manufacturers visited the plant and to their great amazement and delight they were entertained one day with a factory lecture on Switzerland, illustrated with more than one hundred exquisitely colored scenes. If they had been Scotch or Chinese, Japanese or Egyptian, the same thing could have been done for them and, in each case, the pictures would have been accompanied by excellent maps.

As this factory was one of the first in the country to take up welfare work and as it has always carried on diligently and enthusiastically there are many pictures and talks upon what is being done in other parts of this country and foreign lands. There is a remarkable series of slides on the progress of inventions, as there should be, since the factory itself carries a staff of inventors, who constantly are making improvements on its product. One might go on over a great range of subjects. Whatever happens to be the impelling interest of the factory at a given time finds its way into pictures and lectures.

Health is, I should say, after efficiency, the great passion at the N. C. R.; and the School House is constantly used by the Medical Department to drive in its lessons. Lectures have been built up little by little on all sorts of things, posture, cleanliness, diet, digestion, sleep, the teeth. They are given to groups, and in time are heard by all the employees. They are simple in their wording, for when it comes to English expression, the rule at the N. C. R. is: "Always the fewest words and the shortest words." The lectures popularize the latest discoveries in science and are illustrated by the best pictures that can be obtained.

A proof of the thoroughness of these lectures was had in the war. The factory had several years ago two painful proofs of the dangers of contagion in venereal diseases. The Medical Department was at once ordered to prepare something that would bring home to the employees the peril. This lecture was worked out with the advice of great specialists and was built up month by month until it was believed to be as sound and impressive as it could be made by careful statement and well-chosen pictures. The war came on. The War Department saw the necessity of some intelligent teaching of this sort in the camps. It was thought it might be done by illustrated lectures. Several institutions having lectures were asked to send their slides and speakers to Washington to give the authorities an exhibit. More than a dozen came and, out of that number, the N. C. R. lecture was the one that was selected. It was given in practically all the camps in the country and given frequently. The factory contributed the lectures and outfit as a war service and, so far as I know, the tag of the N. C. R. was never allowed to be attached. All the men of the factory see this particular lecture at least once every three months.

After health, I should say that the great hobby of the School House is out-of-door life and, particularly, gardening and what they call "city beautifying." This particular hobby is almost as old as the factory and is counted no mean factor in the development of the business itself. This hobby is admirably shown in an illustrated lecture that is often given in the School House for the benefit of visitors. It traces the development of the factory from 1884, when it occupied a floor in a small building in Dayton and employed only 50 men, to what it is to-day with the building covering scores of acres and its employees numbering well on to 8,000.

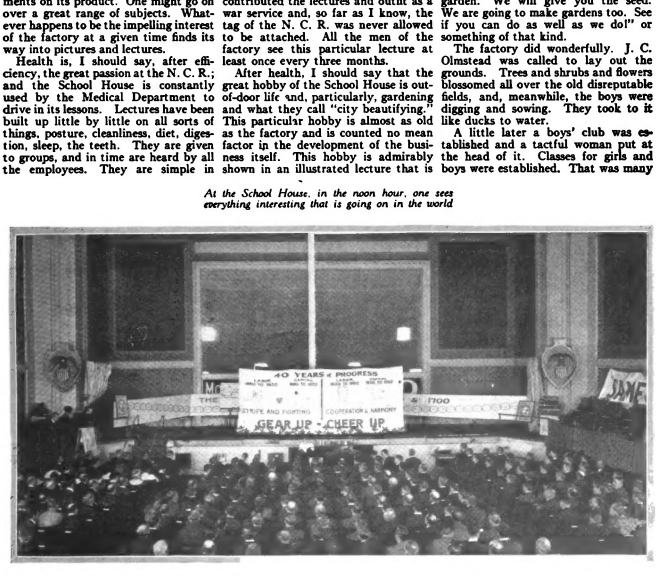
It was in 1888, that the first factory building was put up. It was in a typical old-fashioned factory neighborhood, a place known as Slidertown. The nearest neighbors to the new factory were a pest house and two or three ancient grave-yards. I believe it was generally said that everything bad in Dayton slid down to Slidertown. Particularly did the new factory have trouble with bad boys. They tried shutting themselves in by a picket fence but whoever saw a picket fence that a boy does not laugh at?

Finally, Mr. Patterson decided that as they could not keep the boys out, they must humanize them, make them good neighbors. He has a supreme confidence in the civilizing power of green grass, flowers, and, particularly, of working in gardens. So the picket fence was torn down and the boys of the neighborhood were told: "Here is a piece of land that you may have for a garden. We will give you the seed. We are going to make gardens too. See if you can do as well as we do!" or something of that kind.

The factory did wonderfully. J. C. Olmstead was called to lay out the grounds. Trees and shrubs and flowers blossomed all over the old disreputable fields, and, meanwhile, the boys were digging and sowing. They took to it like ducks to water.

A little later a boys' club was established and a tactful woman put at the head of it. Classes for girls and boys were established. That was many

At the School House, in the noon hour, one sees everything interesting that is going on in the world



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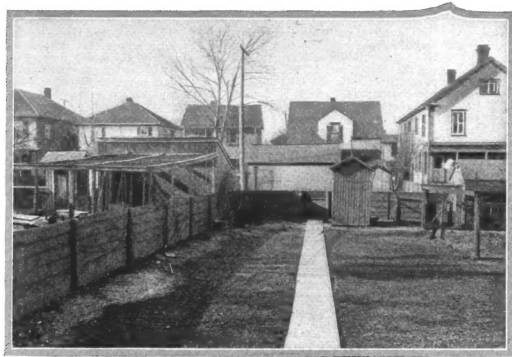
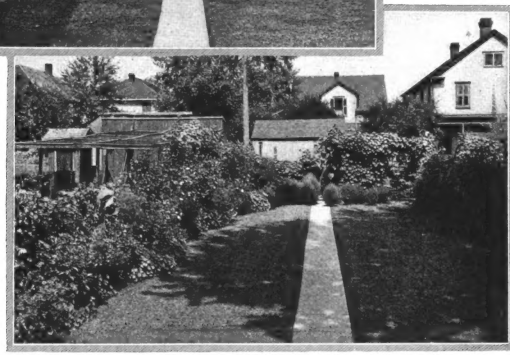


The founder of the N.C.R. has supreme confidence in the civilizing power of green grass, flowers and well kept gardens. To the left, a neglected yard and, below, the same yard after an employee of the company has made it beautiful



years ago. To-day the boys' and girls' gardens and the Boys Club House and the things they have developed about them are the finest models of that sort in the country.

The lecture goes on to show how this work in and near the factory spread. It spread to the homes of the people themselves. As beautiful and interesting landscape gardening on a small scale as you will find anywhere in any country is to be seen in Dayton and it is the direct result of the teaching in landscape gardening that has been given for years to the workers in the School House.

The screen and the platform of the School House co-operate in correcting bad and wasteful working habits. A favorite picture, illustrating waste, shows a man washing his hands in benzine instead of soap and water, simply because it can be done more easily, never thinking of the cost of the material. Nobody thinks of such a thing to-day in the N. C. R., unless he is an unconverted, irresponsible new arrival!

The organization of the company and the relation of its factors are constantly explained to the people by simple and graphic illustrations. For instance, the Company in one of the lectures is compared to a three-legged stool; labor, capital and management are the legs; and it is shown when one of the legs weakens, the stool topples over.

The necessity of order and system in carrying on an enterprise is driven home by pictures of the circus packing for its nightly move and the lecture argues that if a circus can change its base every 24 hours, without confusion, the factory ought to be a model of smoothness and harmony.

Information about the equipment of the factory; the changes in practices and the improvements, are an admirable feature of the teaching. They tend to break down the ignorance of the worker in regard to the industry and to awaken interest in the operations and the machinery which surround him and of which his own operation and machine are an essential part. Some of the speakers who are invited into the School House for this purpose are men of the first calibre in the engineering world. For instance, a recent speaker was Carl Johansson, the inventor of a marvellous system of gauges by which a standard of precision in measuring has been secured which before was undreamed of. Mr. Johansson described his long years of experiment and his successive inventions. He showed blocks which he declared accurate to one-millionth of a inch and he predicted newer instruments of precision to come. The performance aroused the keenest interest among thoughtful workers throughout the plant largely because they realized that Johansson blocks were used in the works.

Not only is this varied educational work carried on in the School House but, through it, the management is doing an unusual and effective kind of collective bargaining. To be sure the sticklers for strict interpretation, the man who balances his words on the point of a needle in the fashion of the school man and the lawyer will balk at my use of these words in connection with the N. C. R. School House; but I shall stick to my guns, not only because of what I see the School House doing but because of what I see it trying to do. The spirit of collective bargaining, at least, is already very busy in the School House and the management and workers are expressing themselves to each other there more and more clearly. You see they have established the habit of using the place (*Continued on Page 64*)

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IRVING BACHELLER

Interpreter of the Old America to the New

By Hamlin Garland

Author of "A Son of the Middle Border"

ALTHOUGH I had known Irving Bacheller for many years it was not till 1915 that I came to know his birthplace, the land which had nutured him and which had been the background of all his stories; the land he calls "The North Country"—St. Lawrence County, New York. On his account (because he was spending the summer there) I took my little family to Canton one hot July day and so came to see the slow streams, the rich meadows and the granite ridges which made this at once a wild land and a beautiful land to the pioneers of a century ago.

In truth Bacheller is a son of the Border but in his case it was the North Border as mine was the Middle Border. His people are my people and his training substantially the same as mine. I had known this in a general way but spending the summer with him in the midst of what Henry James would have called his *Scene*, I came to know it in an entirely different and more vital way. With him I saw the remains of the forest in which *"The Light In The Clearing"* first appeared. Some of the houses of the people who gave their lives to the soil, as Silas Wright wrought for the good of the state, were still standing, and in the company of their genial historian I visited them and heard their tales of the older, sterner, yet grander days.

It was plain to me at once that Bacheller was a prophet who had much honor in his own country, for his neighbors, like Riley's Hoosiers in their attitude toward their poet, freely rendered him their praise. They were proud of their novelist who had adventured forth armed only with a pen and had conquered the great City to his use. It was known that he had lived for a time in Carnegie's castle at Skibo and that he was on intimate terms with millionaires but these things were not held against him; on the contrary, the citizens all spoke of him pleasantly and greeted him affectionately as we walked down the street. His wealth and fame were taken as just rewards of his devotion to a high ideal and not as results of exploiting his fellow men.

From them I learned that the boy Bacheller had taught school, peddled books and worked on a farm; pinching and saving in order to go to college, conforming in all ways to the recognized pattern of youthful genius. Canton was a remote community in those days and while it is no longer the Border—hardly the town in the forest—the traditions of both the Border and the forest persisted in the sixties in such force that Irving's education was as much by way of the gossip of the aged survivors of the past as by way of his teachers in the schools. In all that he has since done he has made use of the men and women who were the neighbors of his parents—not

At Riverside, Connecticut, overlooking Long Island Sound and surrounded by lovely trees, shrubs and flowers is the home of Irving Bacheller

so much in actual delineations of their characters as of their lore, their humor and their wholesome outlook on life.

It was from one of these survivors that he drew the inspiration for *"Eben Holden"* and, in the character of Silas Wright, an actual resident of Canton and one of the greatest men of his time comes into *"The Light In The Clearing."* Nearly all the quaint characters of *"The Hand-Made Gentleman"*, *"Dri and I"* and *"The Blessed Isles"* have their prototypes in real people of the back-country of the St. Lawrence Valley, even in *"A Man For The Ages"* (his latest story) Bacheller has been aided by his perception that the settlers of Sangamon County, Illinois, were his first of kin.

In 1882, he again conformed to the youthful genius type by coming to New York to seek his fortune—varying a little from the norm by *finding* his fortune whereas most of us are still in search of it. He came a little earlier than I and almost as green. A big, blond, absent-minded youth with a powerful desire to achieve something—just what I don't believe he knew himself but that it was to be something highly honorable I am sure, for Irving Bacheller's never was a mean or calculating soul.

My first meeting with him, however, came after he had been through the usual vicissitudes of newspaper reporting, space writing and an editorship. He was starting out for himself in a syndicate which was to be a rival of the McClure Syndicate. He had written to me for some material and it was in the course of the negotiation that I called upon him at his office which was on the north side of a building on Twenty-Eighth Street or thereabouts. As I entered his room, I found him sitting at a desk looking out on a blank alley wall, dreaming—as I afterward learned — of The North Country.

He came out of his abstraction slowly and with painful effort and I recall a sense of wonder that a dreamer of such a poetic temperament could make his way in a tumultuous and hostile city. I lost a little of this wonder when he came to bargain for my manuscript, for a layer of native horse-sense ran beneath his absent-minded simplicity of manner. He was careful not to overpay his authors and to that degree he was a good imitation of a business man.

It came out a few years later that he was at that moment writing a story but when he sent it to me in a little magazine which he was printing, I got back at him by saying "You'd better stick to your editing." It was a short tale of no special distinction. His real self was as yet unexpressed.

Don Seitz of *The World* relates that when Bacheller was Sunday Editor he came to him one day and said, "I want a leave of absence for three months. I want to complete a tale I am writing."

"I gave him some friendly advice," says Seitz, "and asked him if he had the consent of his wife. He said he had and went away."

The result of this hopeful experiment was the novel of *"Eben Holden"* which has sold over half a million copies. It didn't do this all at once, however, indeed for several weeks it went along in the usual slow way of unnoticed books. Then suddenly and for no discoverable reason, it began to sell in tens of thousands—to the bewilderment of the author as I can testify for my wife and I visited him in the midst of the first groundswell of that sale. He was in an apartment house in Harlem—think of that! In Harlem—and we went out and dined at a restaurant.

This book, of which Howells said, "It is as pure as water and as sweet as bread," has in it the Bacheller who was dreaming at his desk that first day of our meeting. It is the story of the North Country pioneers put into fictional form with a curious quaint humor and quiet pathos which made it new and individual. There was in it also the poetry, the sturdy manhood and the hopefulness of the typical American, qualities which Bacheller has carried into all his later books.

The *Century* bought his second novel *"Dri and I"* as a serial, and several publishers contended for the book rights. The blond, absent-minded giant had become, almost in a week, one of the best sellers, and in doing so had sacrificed nothing of his idealism. One of his high distinctions is just that—he has never written down to the baser natures of his readers—on the contrary, he has always been the valiant up-holder of decent writing and decent living. In *"Keeping Up With Lizzie"* and other works of satirical humor he has shown a keen insight and a manly patriotism as well as a delightful skill in characterization.

Naturally, as soon as he had attained success, he set about establishing himself a home and a hearth for he is the kind of a man who loves above all other things a big open fire, a circle of friends and a song of the Other Days.

His first Hearth and Home was at Sound Beach about thirty miles northeast of New York City, and when I visited him there a year later I found him in an ideal condition for the writing of books. His study, set apart from the house, was based on arches which spanned the great rocks of his shore front so that as he wrote he could hear the waves roaring beneath him. It was not as inspirational as the sound of the wind in the trees of the great North Woods—so familiar to him—but it had a fine suggestion of poetry about it.

What an evening we had! David Henderson, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, was also a guest and after dinner we fell into a ballad-singing contest, Henderson presenting some old Scotch songs; Irving recounting the hymns and ditties which his forefathers had carried into the North Country, whilst I sang a dozen or more of the tunes my mother used to sing on The Middle Border in the days of Sixty-One. For audience we had only Ann Bacheller and Mrs. Henderson and part of the time we forgot that we had any audience at all!

One cold raw morning a few months later, Bacheller asked me to take a walk with him "to see the site of my new home."

"Your new home!" I exclaimed. "What's the matter with this one?"

"Oh, I've sold this one," he calmly answered. "It doesn't quite suit me."

Leading the way over to the little bay and around a big grove of tall trees he halted on a smooth slope leading to the Sound and said, "See that ragged hole in the ground?"

The pit which he pointed out looked like a small quarry and had no attraction whatsoever save a big lone tree which over-hung a small rill.

"I see the hole," was my unenthusiastic reply.

"Right there is where my new house is to stand!" said Bacheller with quiet emphasis.

In less than a year from that time

After America entered the war, for days and days at his house we conspired, Bacheller and I, how we might work against the forces which were tending to corrupt the republic of Washington and Lincoln

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"Thrushwood" was completed and as we were seated in the glow of its hearth —a hearth so ample and so beautiful that it was like a poet's dream of hospitality—I acknowledged that it was a fitting shrine for the spirit it symbolized. Generous of room, based upon the rock, fronting the sun, it was as distinct a creation as any poem and, in the years which followed, it took on added charm and significance. Flowers sprang up around it; a garden, a swimming beach and a "berm" were added. I never knew what a "berm" was until I saw this one. It was only a dam and a water gate but it put a lake where, at low water, a muddy flat appeared.

It was a pleasant sight to see the old Woodsman clad in a pea-jacket, carrying a stout stick and superintending a small army of Italian workmen. He looked more like a retired sea-captain than a novelist and when I thought of the wages his crew of Italians represented I realized that a full cargo of peacocks and tamarinds would be necessary to provide the gold of their demand.

Right then I began to revise my notions concerning this slow-spoken North-Country man. I discovered that most of his apparent extravagances were profitable!

The costly berm added thousands of dollars to the value of his estate. By making the house large and beautiful and providing rooms for servants and stalls for automobiles he was able to rent it for the summer months at a high rental. In his easy-going way, Bacheller succeeded in outdistancing the financiers. This was a surprising revelation to me. I ceased to patronize him; indeed thereafter, I watched him narrowly in the hope of finding out how he did the trick.

Meanwhile he busied himself as a writer of fiction and all of his books were successful—not in the same degree as *"Eben Holden"* and *"Dri"*— but far beyond anything I could do and the best of it was he not only made each one according to his own wholesome humorous pattern but he contrived to put into all of them the spirit of the sturdy American whose philosophy had nothing mean or bitter or despairing in its lines.

Night by night, in the glow of that splendid hearth, we sat to conspire how we might work against the forces which tended to corrupt and degrade the ideal Republic of Washington and Lincoln and Grant. We appointed ourselves a committee of two with the purpose of embodying, so far as we could, the best traditions of our fathers, in order that they might be handed down to the generations whose narrow horizons included only brick walls and bristling sky-line water-tanks. We invented speeches, composed poems and outlined novels to this end; all of which amused us and did no harm to anyone else. In Bacheller's case it resulted in a series of satirical tales like *"Keeping Up With Lizzie"*, *"Charge It"* and other of the Old Soc Potter monologues, whilst I composed *"A Son of The Middle Border"* and set down other stories and poems of the wondrous days of early Wisconsin and Iowa.

As I look back upon those nights at "Thrushwood" from this side of the World War their outlines are as softened as if half a life-time had intervened, and this beauty is accentuated by the fact that the lovely place was destroyed by fire and exists today only in the memories of those who loved it. With it went many of the manuscripts, pictures, autographed letters and books which were associated with *"Eben Holden"* and *"Darrell of The Blessed Isles."*

Bacheller, in his books, loves to take an historical character like Horace Greeley or Silas Wright and by careful study bring out the message of Americanism which such a life illustrates and so when he told me that he had started in on a study of Abraham Lincoln I was sure that the result would not only be a credit to himself but an inspiration to the young men and women of his audience and, in this belief, I am sustained. After pondering long, reading carefully and slowly all available records, newspapers and biographies of Lincoln's time, he produced a very moving and characteristic book. a book which by its simple English and its reverent tone will give pleasure to thousands of people to whom Lincoln is but a far-away half-mythical figure.

Hardly was this story in final proof before its author set himself a new task, a sterner task, the task of combatting the un-American teachings of foreign radicals and the corruption which flows from the congested centers of large cities. This work—a story which is to appear in THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE—contains much of what we have often discussed beside his fire and is in every way a logical outcome of Bacheller's belief in the corrective value of the sturdy virtues of the North Woods. It is at once an expression of his love and faith in the Republic and his hatred of those who would alienate or debase its citizens.

As a literary man, he is liable to obsessions. Once started in contemplation of some object he forgets everything else for the time being. He fails to hear what you say to him and comes out of his daze with some remark which has nothing to do with your remarks but which has a great deal to do with his own subjective processes. One day at the club, for example, he gave us the most detailed and vivid account of the Baltimore Convention of 1844, to the bewilderment of the other men at the table who did not know (as I did) that Irving was in the midst of writing *"The Light in The Clearing."* It is this almost Brahministic absorption in his theme which enables him to do the work which has made him famous.

He is in high demand as an after dinner orator. A quaint drawling tone and a certain precision of phrase combine to make him highly effective and amusing. His addresses to the New England society have been so successful that he has been a star performer again and again. There is always a handful of wheat in the midst of his chaff, and he usually selects some ungentle, un-American habit or custom as the object of his attack.

Whatever he does is worked out in a way of his own and there is no use attempting to get him to do it in any other way for, with all his gentleness and sweetness, he is a rock when anyone tries to above him. He hates all that is

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THE PRODIGAL VILLAGE

A Tale of Today

By Irving Bacheller

Author of "A Man for the Ages", "Keeping Up With Lizzie", "Eben Holden"

Begins serial publication in the April number of this magazine

THIS is a story out of the life of this very day. Its incidents and characters might come from your town or mine. It touches and pictures vividly the scramble and display and reckless expenditure of the moment. It is a soul-searching document—a sort of magic mirror in which we may see ourselves. There is moral fervor in it and the homely wisdom of a blessed old Americanism. These things reach us through the speech and actions of some of the characters who seem real people as we read, and who enlist our admiring affection.

The author has a warm-hearted attitude even toward those men and women of the book who represent what he condemns in the phenomena of the time.

THE PRODIGAL VILLAGE will make us think—make us see more clearly what is going on around us. It will give us ground for greater faith in our America. And it is good absorbing reading all the way.

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THE FINNS' W A Y

And what we may learn from it

By Elias Tobenkin

How they are making their native scheme work in our own New England

Above, one of the immaculate kitchens for which Finland is noted. At left, view of the co-operatively managed Finnish boarding-house in Fitchburg, Mass. Below, Karl Grandahl, who came here seventeen years ago as a penniless immigrant and who is now manager of the Fitchburg Co-operative Stores and one of the builders of the America of tomorrow

MEN, women and children stood about the counters in the main branch of the Finnish Co-operative Stores at Fitchburg, Massachusetts. It was a busy Monday morning and the clerks filled orders swiftly and efficiently. Into each bundle went a leaflet fresh from the printer. The leaflets were in Finnish. They were not advertisements, but contained solid reading matter. I asked Karl Grandahl, manager of the stores, about them.

"The leaflets," he replied, "are the soul that goes with the groceries. They are the seed we are planting for the new co-operative America. We distribute these leaflets once a month or oftener, whenever we have something to say—some idea to plant."

Kustaa Edward Grandahl, as his name was before he Americanized it to Karl, came to the United States from Finland, a penniless immigrant, seventeen years ago. He was twenty years old, had an inordinate capacity for work, and stored away in the back of his gray and seemingly cold eyes was an immense lot of human sympathy.

Today [illegible]

Well, Karl Grandahl has not traveled far in the seventeen years he has been in this country, [illegible] His salary as manager of the Finnish Co-operative Stores at Fitchburg is only $150 a month. But if one were going to write the story of the [illegible]

movements at work rebuilding, or seeking to rebuild, America from the bottom up, Karl Grandahl would have to be given a good-sized chapter in such a book. He is one of the builders of the America of tomorrow.

There are nearly a quarter of a million Finnish immigrants in the United States. The period of the largest immigration from Finland to America coincided with the period of severest reaction in Russia, between the years 1890 and 1905. The Finnish immigrants are mostly laborers with a sprinkling of socialistic intellectuals. Co-operation is a gospel with the Finnish workingman, and especially with the Finnish intellectuals. They brought it with them from the other side. They dreamed of it in Finland when the country was under the Tsars. They practice it in America. Wherever Finns gather in considerable numbers they start a co-operative society. The hub of the Finnish co-operative movement is Fitchburg, Massachusetts, and in that city Karl Grandahl is the high priest of the theory and practice of co-operation. He is the treasurer of the Finnish Co-operative Society of Fitchburg and the general manager of the society's business enterprises, which are known as the "Into Co-operative Stores."

"INTO" is Finnish for zeal. Zeal is the slogan of the Finnish co-operative movement in Fitchburg. "We are not in the co-operative business for profit, but for an ideal," Grandahl told me, after I succeeded in detaching him from his work and made him settle down for a half hour on a sugar barrel in the rear of the store where we would not be disturbed. "Our ideal is a better America and a better humanity."

"We are not kickers," he said, cautiously, when I sought to pin him down to a definite statement of grievances that the immigrant, and the Finnish immigrant in particular, had against America, and which the co-operative movement was to remove. "We are not unappreciative of the freedom and opportunities we enjoy here," said Mr. Grandahl, "but there is room for improvement."

More questions, and Mr. Grandahl's tongue-tiedness began to give way. His gray eyes lost their studied coldness. A dreaminess came into them as if of a recollection of the past and a vision of the future.

"Millions of immigrants have come to America in the last twenty-five years"—Grandahl was now in full swing—"with a vision in their eyes and a song on their lips. To thousands of them their vision of America has come true. America, to them, has proved a kind and bountiful mother. But to scores of thousands, hundreds of thousands, yes, even millions of immigrants, she has proved only a stepmother—close-fisted, haughty, indifferent. What the Finns are trying to do with their co-operative stores and other co-operative enterprises is to make America a mother to all; to let every immigrant's vision of America be realized. Much is being said about the need of making the immigrant fit for America. There is no denying that need. But it is equally necessary to make America fit for the immigrant. We hear complaints about the quality of our immigrants, but it is equally true that the character of American opportunity and tolerance for the alien has changed. The immigrant sections of our cities, large and small, have become gold mines for the conscienceless exploiters and profiteers, both native and foreign. The immigrant pays the highest price for the lowest quality of everything so that the politician and the profiteer may prosper. For years the immigrant has been robbed of his savings by private bankers, while the government looked on indifferently. Labor agents of the most unscrupulous variety were allowed to play havoc with the man out of a job. The government has recently put a stop to this kind of exploitation. But there are plenty of other parasites growing more wealthy and more unscrupulous every day on the sweat and blood of the alien."

"It is against this exploitation of the immigrant that we are fighting. We are using co-operation as a weapon. We are trying, so far as it lies within our power, to make America fit for the immigrant—every Finnish immigrant in particular—for we are Finnish by birth and education. And we are succeeding in proportion to our energy and endeavor and more especially in proportion to our numbers. We have made Fitchburg, for instance, a fit place for the Finn immigrant—splendidly fit. Look out around town, look us over, and be convinced. However, we do not stop with what we have achieved in Fitchburg or elsewhere. The Finnish co-operative movement in America is in its infancy. It has a great goal in the distance and it is pressing forward towards that goal, slowly at times, perhaps, but always irresistibly onward——"

THERE are 5,000 Finnish immigrants living in Fitchburg, all working people, poor people. Without a doubt, however, theirs is the least sunlike, healthiest, and most wholesome-looking immigrant colony to be found anywhere in the United States.

"Finnish homes are scrupulously clean," the superintendent of the Associated Charities at Fitchburg told me. "Their children are healthy. Rickets are unknown among them. They don't come to charity unless they are in grave distress, and that does not happen often. I believe the percentage of consumptives among them is rather high, but that is climatic rather than economic. They are a northern people, and our climate frequently tricks them into tuberculosis."

And a book agent whom I caught coming out from a Finnish home with a beaming face said to me:

"They are buying more books here, and, in fact, more of the things that are luxuries and make for the comforts of life, than anywhere else in this or in any other town that I know."

One out of every ten men among the Finns in Fitchburg is a member of the Finnish Co-operative Society. Shares sell at five dollars each, and one share makes you a member entitled to vote. The Society runs five grocery stores, selling to the non-English-speaking immigrant housewife good groceries cheaper, instead of poor groceries dearer, which is the common complaint of the immigrant housewife almost everywhere in the United States. The Society also has its own co-operative dry goods and shoe store, a bakery, a milk store, and, for single men and women, a co-operative boarding house where the quality of the board is a hundred per cent. better than in any private boarding house and the price thirty-three per cent. cheaper.

JUST as Gary, Indiana, is a "steel city," many a town on the slopes of the Sierras, a "mining town," or, in the northern part of California, a "saw mill town," so Fitchburg, Massachusetts, or rather, the Finnish part of Fitchburg, is primarily a co-operative town. The co-operative movement colors everything. The Finnish Co-operative Society arranges for lectures, and, as lectures are apt to be rather dry affairs, it arranges for dances and picnics in connection with lectures. It has built up athletic societies for the young men and Sunday schools for the children. It has gone into competition with the W. C. T. U. and had cut drunkenness among the Finns sixty per cent. just before the dry wave set in. This latter item, the cutting down of drunkenness by sixty per cent., deserves to be told in detail.

Most of the five hundred members of the Finnish Co-operative Society at Fitchburg are also members of another society known as the Finnish Workingmen's Society. The Co-operative Society looks after the body, the Workingmen's Society looks after the soul, so to say, of the Finnish immigrant. The members of this society are all more or less addicted to thinking. When they saw increasingly large numbers of unmarried, unattached Finns take to the saloon and develop a tendency to periodic spells of drunkenness, they began to seek reasons for it. They found one reason, perhaps the chief reason, very quickly. It was not drink so much that the men were craving, as unattached sociability, a place in which to sit and feel at home. The Finnish immigrant was not getting enough room to expand in the United States. Back home, if a man worked in a saw mill he had a considerable walk to his work every morning and evening. Here the street car took him from his place of work to his home in a few minutes. Back home, the Finnish youth was pretty much of an outdoor creature. He rowed in the summer and skated in the winter. There was a family circle, too, where the cold winter evenings were passed in front of a fire amid the

hum of women's voices and the chatter of children; so the members of the Finnish Workingmen's Society decided that it would be good for the souls of Finnish immigrants if as much as possible the old world atmosphere of sport and sociability could be reproduced here. They organized gymnastic and social clubs, and then they bought a hall, co-operatively, of course, to house these societies; to have a place where they could meet to read and dance. That was a success. It filled a want. It made winter evenings pleasant and inviting. The comfortable chairs, the glowing fire, and the heaps of newspapers and periodicals, in Finnish and English, became strong competitors of the bar room.

But there are summers as well as winters. Indoors is no place in the summertime, especially not for Finns. So the Finnish Workingmen's Society did more thinking. It delved deeper into the co-operation idea and finally came out with a plan.

This plan was a co-operative summer resort within walking distance of Fitchburg. The location for such a resort was soon found. It was a twenty-acre farm that was for sale. They bought the farm and up to date have spent $20,000 in improving it, in making it a real summer resort for the Finnish community in Fitchburg. They hired a manager to look after the place and opened a restaurant on it where food is sold co-operatively at prices no higher than those of the city. They turned the natural lake on the farm into a swimming pool.

They named the place "Saima Farm." Saima is a woman's name. Finnish poets have used it frequently. It is a name that carries a suggestion of home — longing — the eternal feminine. They thought it an appropriate name for the farm which was to be a home for the homeless and often heart-sick alien.

Just about the time when the newspapers in New York, Chicago and St. Louis get busy with their pathetic accounts of immigrant children sweltering in tenements and pining for the sight of grass and trees, the Finnish mothers of Fitchburg pack their telescopes full of lunch and take their children to Saima Farm. Some of them stay there for the day or afternoon only. Others pitch their tent (quite literally) and stay there overnight and sometimes for a week or two. In fact, all summer is a sort of a vacation with these Finnish mothers, for in Saima Farm each and every one of them has her own summer home within half an hour's journey from her city dwelling.

Saturdays and Sundays the young are taken care of at Saima Farm. There are dances, entertainments and picnics. A lecture on co-operation goes with every dance. But it is not an irksome lecture. On the contrary, the people welcome it because these co-operation talks, as one of the men put it to me, "tell how to make one dollar do where two were formerly needed."

I asked Mr. Grandahl for the story of the co-operative movement at Fitchburg, when and by whom it was founded.

"If you are looking for a hero, dead or alive, to whom to put up a monument," Grandahl said with a smile, "then your effort is wasted. The Finnish co-operative movement in America is not a one-man effort; it is a mass movement. And the story of Fitchburg, with some variations, is the story of Red Lodge, Montana; of Hancock, Michigan, of Superior, Wisconsin, and thirty-five or forty other places where we have Finnish co-operative stores and other co-operative enterprises.

"When several thousand Finnish immigrants steamed into Fitchburg many years ago they found a condition which existed in every other immigrant colony in the United States. There was the grocery man of their own country, speaking their own tongue, who would supply them with everything. The women flocked to him; they could not speak English, and were shy of the American store.

"The grocery man became a sort of a leading citizen in the colony. Whether because he was cleverer, or whether out of sheer necessity, he learned the English language faster than the others. Politicians began to look up to him. He was helpful around election time. He became a power; the political boss of the district. He sold groceries —and votes!

"In a measure, as the grocery man rose, his stock of goods became poorer, and he became more arrogant. His influence and standing with American politicians had turned his head.

"It was at this time, however, that a new set of immigrants began to come to America from Finland. They were men with ideals; men who had left Finland in order to escape the oppression of the Tsar. They were socialists and were students of the co-operative movement in Belgium and England. Co-operation and socialism are closely identified in Finland. They resented the manner in which the groceryman was manipulating and selling the Finnish vote in his district. They offered resistance and decided to free the colony from the grip of these business-men politicians. Of course, the grocer became the enemy of these radicals. The radicals ceased to buy from him. They changed their plans and

THE LOAF OF BREAD

BEHIND a loaf of bread is an army of workers. First, there is the wheat grower. A big clever man with a trained mind. Then, there is the man who invented the wonderful machines that plowed and sowed and reaped and gathered the wheat for this loaf of bread.

Next comes the mill owner, whose mill ground and packed the flour. He manages his great mill and his workers by the strength of his trained mind.

Then, there is a manager in the bakery where this loaf was baked. Just as there are bakers and dishwashers and packers. Just as there are delivery men.

Where in this line would your boy fit?

You see, he is worth just about three dollars a day from his feet to his ears. From his ears to the top of his head he is worth as much as a gold mine. That is, if he is trained.

Each year in school adds thousands of dollars to the earning power of your son. Put him in school. Take him away from the three-dollar and a half job. Put him in school and keep him there.

Brains pay! It is the trained mind that counts.

It is the trained hand that wins. Keep your boy in school.

A. P.

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went to American stores, and they made a discovery.

"They found that the alien districts in America are the dumping ground for the worst goods which are sold here, at the highest prices. Whatever cannot be sold elsewhere is palmed off on the immigrant. The fact that the storekeeper himself is an immigrant like the rest makes little difference. In fact, the worst exploiters of the alien are generally his own kind.

"THEY then began to agitate for co-operative stores. Six or eight years this agitation lasted. Several stores were started and they failed. They failed because the public lacked faith in a co-operative store. They lacked faith because the men who headed the co-operative movement were in almost every case theorists and not business men.

"However we learned with each failure. Some of us went to commercial schools to study the rudiments of business practice on top of the Latin and Greek that we learned in the old country. Others began clerking in stores. In 1908 the 'Into Co-operative Store' was started. It has been in existence ever since. We have prospered and branched out. We own the building, worth $50,000, in which our main store is located, and we have four branch stores in various parts of Fitchburg."

"We do business in our stores on a 20 per cent. profit basis, which is the basis upon which all grocers do business—in theory. In practice, however, we find that even on a basis of 20 per cent. profit we are able to save for our customers from 8 to 10 per cent. on groceries, 15 per cent. on milk, and 30 per cent. on bread. On shoes we save for them a minimum of 12 per cent. The biggest saving is recorded in the boarding-house, where we feed daily between 200 and 250 people. Our board is $5.50 a week.

"But the saving in the amount bought out for groceries may be said to be only one half the saving achieved. The other half comes in the quality and food value of the goods. There are no relabeled and repainted cans of tomatoes in our store—no inferior goods of any kind. If the customer finds an article unsatisfactory, he obliges us by returning it. Another thing, we do not waste the housewife's money with forced sales. We do not buy goods that we do not need from the wholesaler just because there happens to be a sale on them, and we do not, by means of advertising, lure the housewife into buying things which she doesn't need, or which she only half needs, and thus, after buying, wastes half."

"Do you advertise at all?" I asked.

"We do. We advertise to keep the Finnish press, which supports the co-operative movement, going. We do that as part of our educational work, not for business reasons. We do not mean to stop with our co-operation plans here; we mean to go right on with them."

"Just what are your plans in that direction?"

"Our plans," Grandahl mused; "well, you see, between two and three million dollars is spent every year by the Finnish immigrants of the United States in co-operative buying. We have eight Finnish co-operative stores in the State of Massachusetts. In Fitchburg alone we did a business of $247,999 in 1918, and that was before we went into the milk business. The next step, therefore, must be a co-operative wholesale house to supply the Finnish co-operative stores in Massachusetts and throughout New England. Our plan, after that, is co-operative production. We are even now looking about for a likely farm to buy. We mean to raise on that farm our own product and vegetables. We mean to raise cattle on it and have our own milk. We are now selling milk for thirteen cents a quart. Others are selling it for fifteen.

"And next?"

"Next," Grandahl smiled, "comes co-operative manufacturing. It is on our programme all right. And when the Finnish immigrants and all others in America get to the point of co-operative manufacturing, we shall be very close in this country to the co-operative commonwealth."

"What about banking? Don't you ever get short of cash?"

"When we do," was the reply, "we borrow it from our own bank. We have a Workingmen's Union in Fitchburg which is one of the livest institutions of the kind in the country. You cannot call it a bank because it does no checking business. But it lends money. It was incorporated in April, 1914, and its total turnover since that time has been a million and a half dollars. It has 3,000 depositors, and the total assets on hand now are $600,000."

THERE is a Finnish daily paper in Fitchburg named "*Raivaja*" (*The Pioneer*), which is also incorporated as a co-operative enterprise, is owned by its readers. *Raivaja* is a staunch advocate of co-operation among the Finnish immigrants. There is no national organization combining the various Finnish co-operative branches in America. There was such a national league, but geographical distance was against it, and it had to be abandoned. Now, the Finnish co-operative organizations of the east have their own combine, while those of the middle and far west form a separate unit. At Superior, Wisconsin, where there is a strong Finnish co-operative center, there is a sort of headquarters for the Finnish co-operative movement. Here the official journal of the movement, '*Pelto ja Koti*' (*Farm and Home*), is published. Here, too, a six-weeks' course in the training of men for the management of co-operative enterprises is given. Lectures and the printed co-operative literature are all in the Finnish language.

"Where does the Americanizing influence come in?" I asked.

"Our contribution to the Americanization of the alien—and I think it is an important one," Grandahl said, after a thought, "lies in our removing the barriers between the alien and America. It is a notorious fact that the alien labor agent, the alien banker, the grocer and business man, have in the past kept the immigrant from becoming Americanized. When the alien becomes Americanized he ceases to be their customer.

"WE do not drag the alien away from his American surroundings. On the contrary, we encourage him to Americanize himself, to maintain an American standard of living, to model his home as nearly as he can afford it after the American home. You would be astonished to see what substantial furniture the Finnish families of Fitchburg possess. We encourage them to have good homes. A home is essential to good citizenship. Next to the school, a good home is the biggest bond between a man and his country. Every one of our immigrants know that he has come here to stay; that this is to be his land and the land of his children.

"The Finnish co-operative movement inculcates no foreign atmosphere. It does not build up barriers between the immigrant and America for profit, as the private alien business does all too frequently. It is not in business to profit from the immigrant, but to help him in every way.

"Our literature is printed in Finnish; that is true. But we use the Finnish language as a matter of convenience rather than of principle. We all understand Finnish well and we don't understand English well. It is no use incommoding the older generation whose language and habits are settled. But we leave the young generation alone. America takes care of the children—America makes them her own."

"And do you think that this is all that it is necessary to do to Americanize the alien effectively?"

Grandahl thought for some moments, then said:

"Different people have different ideas about such things. So far as I am concerned, however, I have an abiding faith in America and her ability to absorb her immigrants, if no artificial barriers are placed in her way. I have been in this country seventeen years. I began life here as a common laborer. I worked on a railroad with the worst paid aliens. Later, I went to Valparaiso University, where I studied commerce and economics. I managed a co-operative store in the far west. I saw America at work modeling, adapting and absorbing the alien in many parts of the country, and I am convinced that America needs no outside stimulation and assistance in this work. Of her own accord she draws the alien to herself. To my mind, the problem is not to feed the alien Americanism by artificial spoons and tricks, but to keep the road between him and America's feast table clear. He will do the eating himself and he will do it greedily."

These are the views of one of the builders of the America of to-morrow.

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"WHILE technically the war has ceased it has left the world to solve the greatest problem which has ever confronted it in all the centuries of its existence—the problem of depleted human vitality." These are Dr. Farrand's words in this article. As an American citizen, you will be interested in what he says. The article is the first of a series on the new job of the Red Cross as seen from the standpoint of National Headquarters.

Dr. Livingston Farrand, Chairman of the Central Committee of The American Red Cross

THE RED CROSS Carries On In U. S. A.

An Interview with Dr. Livingston Farrand

By William Harper Dean

WAR automatically erected giant new American machines and fitted seven-league boots on organizations which barely had attained the estate of toddlers. Witness the spontaneous creation of the United States Food Administration, the shouldering of 3,000,000 rifles by an army which rose overnight from a mere corporal's guard, the tremendous expansion of the American Red Cross to meet the unheard-of demands at home and abroad.

Peace has left America with these emergency creations, unwieldy now that their tasks are done. And useless in their exaggerated proportions. As a result, many have been dismantled, scrapped; others reduced to mere skeletons of their transient potency.

With the world once more entering into a state of near quiescence, does it follow that the Red Cross, like other organizations, should be dwarfed to its former peace-time proportions—proportions consistent with the occasional demand for relief in time of flood, fire or earthquake? Surely it is a stupid nation that supports an oversize organization merely for the sake of appearances or sentiment. As a plain citizen exercising my right, I went to Dr. Livingston Farrand, Chairman of the Central Committee of the American Red Cross, in his office at National Headquarters, Washington.

Bluntly I asked him: "What excuse has the Red Cross for existing now in any but nucleus form?"

Dr. Farrand is a man of high voltage energy. He speaks rapidly, as though his words were sent in futile pursuit of the rushing current of his thought.

"When the armistice was signed," he replied, "I began to ask myself that

question. I had to answer it convincingly in order to decide whether I should immediately quit the Red Cross or stay with it.

"After the greater emergencies of the war had been met by the Red Cross," he went on, "the organization took stock of its assets tangible and intangible. It found twenty million adult American citizens and ten million American children committed to the service creeds upon which this institution rests. This represents the actual machinery of the American Red Cross.

"But more than this, the thirty million members were charged with the energy of service. It was an utterly unselfish enthusiasm born of this war. And in spite of the national reaction—the let-down—following the signing of the armistice—these people were unwilling to dissolve partnership with the spirit of service. Inquiries poured into National Headquarters from the chapters: 'What shall we do now? We must not stop!'

"And so I found myself thinking, 'If we can preserve this patriotic energy generated by the war and turn it into logical channels for solving peace-time problems, it would be grossly illegitimate to scrap this great machine!

"But what use can be made of it? What peace-time tasks have we which will justify the upkeep of such a tremendous organization? It is patent to every thinking citizen that the American Red Cross would become a colossal joke were it to preserve its great organization to sit with folded hands waiting for earthquake, flood or fire to call it into action. I would not associate myself with such a caricature of service.

"The facts are, however, that while the war technically has ceased, it has left the world to solve the greatest problem which has ever confronted it in all the centuries of its existence—the problem of depleted human vitality!

"I do not mean by this the great gaps left in the world's population as a result of death in battle, by disease and starvation. I do mean the depleted vitality of those living now, to whom the world must look for the offspring to make good her abnormal losses. These living units who must shoulder the task of reconstruction are at best poor material, tragically handicapped.

"This fact is most spectacularly illustrated in Europe, of course, where the boys and girls who must become the fathers and mothers of the next generation are under-developed physically, often mentally. They have been through four years of partially arrested development, what from the lack of enough nourishing food, from insufficient clothing and unhygienic living conditions generally. They have become ready prey for absolutely preventable diseases.

"So much for Europe! There the American Red Cross must lend its right arm to weakened and demoralized health organizations until these have sufficiently recovered their pre-war status to shoulder the burden of preserving the next generations through conservation of the present one. This is a national American obligation, as great as the obligation which compels us to resume commerce with and extend loans of money and food to Europe. We, as a nation, cannot turn our backs on this duty; selfish considerations alone would prevent this. The interdependence of nations is the interdependence of the right arm and the left, the heart and the lungs.

"But here at home! America suffered least of all the nations engaged in the war, it is true. We lost fewer men in battle than our allies; we were not underfed at home. But at the very beginning of our participation in the conflict we made a tragic discovery which in no sense was attributable to war-made influences:

"*The national draft revealed that one-third of the young men examined for military duty were physically unfit from causes well nigh preventable!*"

Dr. Farrand paused meaningly. "You understand me? One-third of the young men examined! It was the first time we had ever stood off and viewed a cross section of our national physical rating. What is the matter? We have national, state, community and private organizations whose avowed function it is to safeguard the public health through educational and regulatory action. Have our people disregarded these efforts or have these organizations fallen short in the discharge of their duty?

"Neither. One trouble has been that we have had a surplus of organized effort for safeguarding the public health and a dearth of coordination of these efforts. There have been too many public and private agencies at work *alone;* there has been too much disjointed initiative, too much wasted energy.

"The first guarantee of our national supremacy is the vitality of our people. The guardianship of the public health is an official responsibility. . . I *am* staying with this work because I and every other worker in the organization believe that the Red Cross, for one thing, can make itself a powerful factor in the acceptance and discharge of this responsibility.

"We have determined to salvage and preserve, as far as may be, this war-born energy and enthusiasm in order to turn it towards the problems of a national peace-time reanimation. We need that energy now as never before.

"We believe that the Red Cross can strengthen the national health organizations by helping to weave together the many uncorrelated activities. This is our theory, just being put to test.

"In putting it to the test, the Central Committee of the Red Cross must act through the states and communities in *advisory* capacity. It must let communities have the freedom of thought and action so necessary for the retention of their enthusiasm. Henceforth, so far as health is concerned, the Red Cross must let communities take the initiative as against the war-imposed necessity of giving direct orders from National Headquarters. I want to know that Red Cross community members are thinking of themselves as *community workers!*

"In this peace-time campaign against preventable diseases we must not run amuck. We must go slowly, feeling our way step by step. To me, it seems there are two safe and sane avenues of attack on this great problem which we finally have decided *is* attackable by the Red Cross. One is to educate the people in health codes, the other is to build up a national sentiment for cooperation with public and private health agencies.

"The Red Cross already is well organized for the campaign of education. It has its hundreds of local chapters intimately in touch with community interests, problems and needs. These locals have established the direct personal contacts so indispensable to the success of the plan.

"The most effective single agency in community work is the visiting nurse. She makes these contacts. The Red Cross started this system before the war. Now it must be extended. Chapters all over the country have responded to this proposal but we have not had the forces of trained nurses to fill the demand once the extension of this activity was begun.

"So we have had to train recruits and, in the past six months, have been able to increase the numbers of this class of effectives by several hundreds. Each year now we shall find additional hundreds for the army of visiting nurses.

"By courses of lectures and teachings within the homes, we are giving instruction to groups and individuals in first-aid work, in the home care of the sick. The fundamental factor in health is

(*Continued on Page 78*)

THE Chairman of the Red Cross, Dr. Livingston Farrand, says in this article: "I don't want to see our Red Cross stand for anything but organized Americanism. It represents us all. Because of that fact it can be made America's most powerful agent in community effort. It represents no single class or creed. It stands for the great essential in any community—service. In its every activity it is building up a sound citizenship through community effort." Is your chapter doing its part in the new Red Cross work in America?

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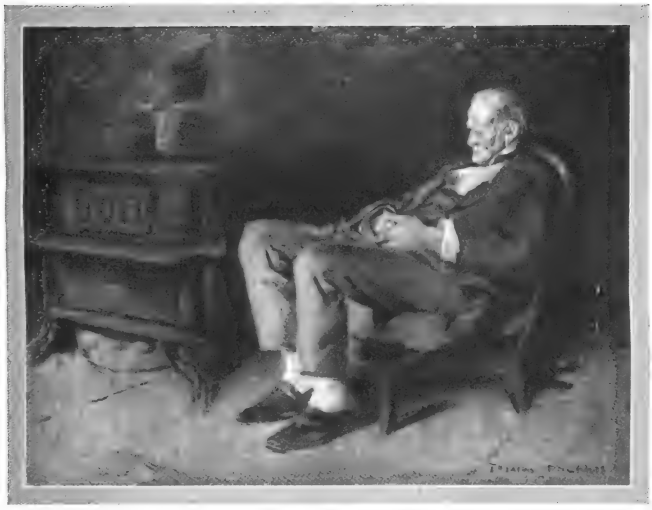

He is like an old piece of furniture which has been tucked away in the garret and got all covered with dust

THE MAGIC OF YOUTH

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

RODEN was close fisted, no doubt about that, and the neighborhood very naturally compared him to Scrooge. In fact, behind his back, he was called by that name. But never to his face, for there were few in the town of Canbury who did not fear his sunken eyes when they kindled in anger or who failed to withdraw when his thin, yellow fingers began to twitch nervously.

And yet Roden differed from Scrooge in that there were some who could remember when he was not as then; could remember when the neglected, old-fashioned mansion on the top of the hill where he now lived alone was neat, trim and gay with flowers; could remember when a young mistress presided over it, who was the idol of every lad and the ideal of every lass; could remember in brief, when Squire Roden's was the social centre of Canbury. But those men now tottered when they walked and discoursed garrulously about the superiority of all things in the days of old. It was reported that Roden had begun to fail. He was seldom seen upon the streets, his musty den over the post office was closed, and all those unfortunate enough to have business with him were forced to go to his house where, they reported, he lived in one room "not fit for a dog." His old acquaintance, Elder Benson, who was trustee of the Methodist church where, long, long ago (in the days of the fair mistress), Roden used to worship called and talked vaguely about the advisability of men leaving wills to prevent relatives from quarrelling "like dogs over a bone."

This set Roden to thinking, for the contingency of death had not before occurred to him. He did not fear it particularly, but he was impressed with the necessity of preparation and so he gathered together his bank books, securities and what not and added them all up. They amounted to over $100,000.

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They sat together a long time, both gazing into the changing colors of the eager flames. "There," she said, "isn't this cozy? Isn't this better than a gloomy old kitchen?"

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He gloated over this grand total for an entire day and talked to himself about it with many a chuckle.

"Tidy sum, eh? Let me see—ought to build at least six meetin' houses outer that, eh, Elder? (*chuckle*). Might squeeze out an orphan asylum, too, and perhaps a library, eh, Goodwin? (*chuckle*). But I dunno. There's all my dear relatives and I suppose they want something. 'Ud be too bad now to disappoint them. (*chuckle*)."

But in time he wearied of this amusement and grudgingly set himself to the task of planning something definite in order that if for no other purpose, the Methodist Church should not get any of it on the strength of past promises. The trouble was, he did not wish to give his property to anyone. The only relatives he knew anything about, his three brothers, he cordially hated because of their repeated attempts to borrow money without security—an unpardonable offence. He remembered they all had children, although he had never seen them. Well, it might be possible some of these were decent. He had heard it said that hereditary weaknesses sometimes skipped one generation.

PRESENTLY the village was astounded to learn that Roden's brother Harry's daughter was expected to come to live with the old gentleman and everyone's sympathy went out to the unknown. She arrived, a delicate creature, and in less than a week she was taken ill and sent home. The next one to come was brother John's daughter. She went into hysterics and retired in tears sobbing that she would not live in the gloomy old house for a million dollars. Roden chuckled and sent for the third.

She came—Bess, the youngest brother's daughter. She differed from the others; strong, rugged, good natured, she created at sight a favorable impression among the village folk. She arrived one evening in the early Fall and, refusing to ride in the vehicle sent to meet her, trudged up the hill. When she stood before the impressive looking old mansion with the marks of years upon it, she uttered an exclamation of delight.

"But it needs painting," she mused, critically examining it. "The fence needs righting and Ugh! look at the dead leaves."

The yard, indeed, was filled with them, and they rustled about the rotted floor of the broad piazza which encircled three sides of the house.

She pounded at the side door. A feeble voice bade her enter and pushing open the door she felt her way in the dusk down a short corridor and, opening a second door, found herself in a small room facing a dried-up old man seated before a cast iron stove. For a moment, the two stared at one another.

"Well," she said, "I suppose you're uncle." She strode forward with extended hand, man fashion. "I'm Bess," she announced.

He extended his yellow fingers and she seized them in a grasp that caused him to hunch up in his chair.

"Good Lord, girl," he groaned, "no need of breakin' 'em. You must remember I'm an invalid."

"I should think to Heaven you would be," she observed calmly, as she proceeded to remove her hat and cloak. She sniffed. "It's actually musty in here. Don't believe there has been fresh air in this room for a month. Smells like a tomb."

Hunting for a place to put her wraps, she saw layers of dust upon everything. She rubbed her hand across a table and held her fingers in front of him.

"Look at that. Ugh!"

Then she took a hurried glance about her. The room had probably once been the kitchen as was suggested by the small cast iron cooking stove, the plain deal table and the two or three wooden chairs. A worn-out sofa completed the furnishings. Several dirty dishes were scattered about and the floor was sprinkled with crumbs.

She gave a low whistle of astonishment.

"Well I never saw such a sight in my life—never!" she observed. "It is hideous—positively hideous!"

He watched her curiously—helplessly. Somehow there were some things he hoped she would not see. She poked the dying fire and stuffed the stove with wood.

"We can at least be warm," she said, dusting her hands. "Get up nearer the stove. You look cold."

She lifted him, chair and all, into the small radius of heat.

"Land sakes," he gasped.

Bess studied him for a moment. In spite of the forbidding surroundings, there was something in the old man huddled up in the chair which appealed to her. He looked so very forlorn—so forsaken—so weak and useless. He was like an old piece of furniture which has been tucked away in the garret and got all covered with dust. The lines in his face were hard and forbidding and as she studied, she saw softer ones beneath. The faded, sunken eyes had once been blue and, as she looked deep into them, they did not seem cruel. His hair was unkempt but fine and snow white—so fine that she longed to stroke it.

"I sent for you to come down," he began uneasily, "because I thought you might like a change. The others didn't stay long."

"Can't blame 'em much, can you?" she replied. And then impulsively,

"Why you're all wizened up, uncle. You look like a mummy."

HE glanced up sharply and she thought she caught a look of pain in the eyes. She crossed to his side and threw her arms about his neck.

"But I honestly believe you're a dear old mummy. They oughtn't to have gone. They should have stayed and made things better."

It was the first time he had felt velvety arms against his cheek since—since the fair mistress died. "I don't believe you're sick," she ran on. "You don't look really sick but just like a plant that hasn't had any sun for a long while."

Roden hardly knew what to make of this. He couldn't catch his breath for a minute and somehow his mechanical brain seemed not to work mechanically. He was feeling about for long unused words and phrases. He sat very still in his chair for fear she would remove her arms.

"Do you *feel* sick, uncle?" she asked. "Kinder weak and—"

"Weak? Of course you do. I'd feel weak and I'd look the way you do in ten days if I lived like you do and thought like you. I'll bet I can make you all well in a month."

She stood in front of him looking with kindly fun-laden eyes full at him. He glanced up at her and then down at his hands.

"I dunno," he said weakly.

"I'll bet you a pair of gloves against—against," she observed the spots, "against a new waistcoat."

He tried to figure out the comparative cost. Then he emitted something like a chuckle.

"I'll—I'll take you."

"Done," she exclaimed and held out her hand to clinch the bet but he withdrew his fingers, remembering.

She laughed and kissed him.

"Now show me where I am to sleep," she said. "Because I've got to get up early for my morning walk."

With a bit of candle for light, he guided her to a large, unaired bed chamber. The first thing she did was to open all the windows and shortly afterwards she was fast asleep, dreaming of her plans.

THE next day was a busy one. Donning an old dress she rolled up her sleeves to the elbows and began on the kitchen, scrubbing it from top to bottom. Roden watched her and the harder she worked, the meaner he felt. Yet it was not as though he had asked her to do this. She took it upon herself and went about it cheerfully, keeping up a constant chatter.

"D'you know," she said stopping to brush back the hair from her eyes, with a soapy hand, "I just never could believe in you, Uncle. Heard a lot about you, but I always put you away in my mind with the fairy tales."

"Reckon, I know which ones then."

"Oh, I'll admit they weren't the pretty ones. You were a kind of ogre or something."

"I should ha' thought you'd almost been afraid to come," he said with an odd sense of injured vanity.

"No. Always wanted to see a real live ogre."

There was a period of silence during which all that could be heard was the soapy swish of the scrubbing brush.

"Are you going ter fix the other rooms—this way?" he finally asked.

"Bet your life!" she answered without looking up. "Haven't seen 'em yet but I suppose they are even worse." He squirmed about uneasily a moment.

"Well, if you're sot on it," he said, "you'd better get er,—get a girl."

Bess dropped her scrubbing brush in surprise and sitting cross-legged on the

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floor, stared at him.

"You old dear!" she exclaimed, as soon as she had fully grasped his genefosity. "Of course I will. I *can* scrub but I don't like to and there is no use pretending."

That morning she went to the village and engaged Samantha Weston for a week.

"What did you offer her?" he asked anxiously when she returned.

"Four dollars."

"Could have got her for three."

"Perhaps, but she'll be worth four to me."

When Bess came to explore those rooms which had been closed now some forty years, she found herself in a veritable store house of old treasures. In the first spasm of his grief at the death of his wife, Roden had simply drawn the blinds, closed the doors and left unvisited ever since, those chambers. There they stood, musty and dust-filled, even to the library where a book, now browned and mouldy, lay opened on the table. As she wandered from room to room, her first feeling was one of deep sadness and gloom. But this soon wore away. It must have been a great grief which could have so stunned a man but this great grief connoted a great love. It must have been almost worth the suffering of these long years to have loved as they must have loved, even for a little.

Money had not been spared in the furnishing of the house. The heavy oak tables and chairs; the rich dark mahogany, the dressers filled with the choicest linen all testified to an open purse and exquisite taste. When she threw open the windows and blinds and let in the sunlight and fresh air, the old rooms seemed to come to life again.

Once she came running back to him.

"Why it's all beautiful, uncle! And I'm to build a fire in the big fire place in the front room and you're to sleep there. Going to fix it up today."

"But—but—"

"Not a word. Can't stop."

SHE hurried off and, with Samantha, worked the whole day, dusting, scrubbing and washing the windows. She aired the musty linen in the sun until it became sweet. And the last thing of all she built a rousing fire. In one of the bureau drawers she had found an old daguerreotype of Her. And when Samantha left, she sat before the fire, in the twilight, dreaming over it. It was a sweet, sensitive face that looked out upon her—a face lighted with large trusting eyes; a face to make men dream much, dare much. Surely, she thought, there must be much of good in a man who could win the love of such a woman. She kissed the faded picture softly and placed it over the fireplace.

That evening she brought him, reluctant, up to his new room and, arranging him comfortably before the cheerful blaze, drew a hassock to his feet.

"There," she said, "Isn't this cosy? Isn't this better than a gloomy old kitchen?"

He settled back in his chair with a sigh of content and watched the flames. The warmth found its way into his veins and brought color to his cheeks.

"Does seem kinder good," he admitted.

They sat on so a long while, both gazing into the changing colors of the eager flames; she, leaning forward, chin in hands, and he, with his head far back.

She spoke in a voice softened to the dreaming hour and place.

"I wish you would tell me something of the old days, Uncle. These rooms have set me to wondering about them."

"The old days?" he repeated "They are far back. I've forgotten!"

"You cannot have forgotten them all. Whose room used this to be?"

"It was long ago," he repeated uneasily.

"But you remember who used to have this room, uncle?"

"This room? This room?" he passed his withered hand over his brow. "Ah, yes. This used to be our room."

THE girl took down the old daguerreotype and placed it in his hands.

"Your wife, Uncle?"

He leaned forward quickly with a little dry sob and stared at the picture.

"Why—why—where did you find this? I thought it was lost. I've looked everywhere for it."

"She was very beautiful, uncle."

"She was the most beautiful creature God ever made," he said solemnly.

Roden drew his sleeve across his eyes. The girl laid her hand in his.

"Oh, to love so!" she whispered. "It is wonderful, wonderful!"

She left him shortly afterwards, tiptoeing out of the room that she might not interrupt his thoughts.

When Roden awoke the next morning, he caught his breath and lay very still. Then he put out his hand to the pillow beside him, suddenly drawing it back with a pang as though he had been stabbed. The Present flashed back upon him.

When he arose and looked out of the window, he saw Bess in the yard armed with a very dull scythe trying manfully to mow down the weeds. She caught his face at the window and blew him a kiss. It sent him down the stairs with a smile on his lips. He found the kitchen warm and clean with the kettle bubbling and singing on the stove, the fragrance of coffee in the air and the table all set. In the center of the snow-white linen stood a vase filled with a cluster of brilliant autumn leaves. Bess came in red cheeked and panting from her exertions.

"Morning, Uncle," she greeted him cheerily.

"Lordy, girl!" he said. "You'll get all lamed up trying to work that scythe. It's been hanging in the barn for forty years."

"It's good exercise," she answered "and that's about all. Doesn't take anything but their heads off."

"Reckon we could get a man to do that for a quarter," he said slowly.

"Guess we'd better, then. And that reminds me I've got a proposition for you after breakfast."

He looked uneasy.

"Something new?" he queried.

She laughed heartily.

"Guess you'll say so when you hear it. It will take your breath away at first, but if you hold on tight you will come out of it all right."

She had prepared eggs and toast for him and was rewarded by seeing him eat with visible relish, only he seemed bent upon making it last as long as possible. When he had quite finished, she folded her arms on the table and leaned towards him.

"Now," she said, trying hard to keep her face straight, "Hold on tight; I want some money."

Roden's yellow fingers fumbled uneasily with the chair arms.

"Yes sir," she went on calmly, "I want a lot of money—all I can spend."

"Good Lord, girl—" he broke in, eyeing her sharply.

"Well, I can't shingle the house and its got to be shingled. I can't paint it and its got to be painted and I won't take up carpets and they've got to be taken up."

"Don't see why you can't let things be," he grumbled.

The gray eyes were hardening, the brows contracting.

"Why?" she asked, "Because you don't want Her to be ashamed of you. Because you don't want the house where She used to live to look as it does now. Because you want to get back and be yourself so that when She meets you, She will be proud of you."

She had ended in almost a whisper.

"Don't! Don't!" he pleaded.

She went to his chair and smoothed his white locks.

"You just haven't thought of it, that's all, Uncle. You've been numbed all these years until people call you an ogre. But you're not one. They don't know about that love. It couldn't die. It mustn't die."

He was tumbling about for her hand.

"There, there," she soothed him, "We'll make them all proud of you once more and we'll make Her proud of you. Shall we?"

"If you could," he sobbed.

"We'll try then—for a month!"

"Yes," he answered, adding, "For a month."

THE village of Canbury was all ablaze with excitement. What in the world was taking place at the house on the hill? The painter reported an order to paint the mansion from one end to the other. The carpenter reported that he had been engaged to shingle the roof and make repairs. The village man of all work reported a job to take up the carpets and beat them. The carriage maker reported an order for a new carriage and, to cap the climax, Seth Brown reported the sale of Sandie Bell, his finest roadster, to old Roden. It was all beyond belief, save upon the ground that the Squire was losing his mind.

The gossips clambered up the hill to stare at the house, only to return sadly shaking their heads. Stories of the old days were at a premium and many a

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yarn concerning Squire Roden which had long been relegated to village brain attics was brought out, dusted, polished and offered as new to an eager audience.

The theory of mental aberration gained ground when the Squire was seen beside his niece in the new carriage, dressed in a silk hat and fur overcoat. Some even declared, who had seen him when he entered the store, that he was wearing a boiled shirt and a long-tailed coat such as the parsons wore.

Inside the house the same change was taking place. Bess was devotting herself to restoring as far as possible every detail of the old mansion. At the end of a week, the old man had begun to take an active interest in the work.

"Let me see," he would say as he surveyed a room, "there's something wrong here. Aye, that's it. She used to have that over yonder." And the article would be moved to where She had chosen to place it. The memory of his wife became an active force, a power in his life once more. As the days passed, his mind cleared and he allowed himself to dwell more on the past. He recalled even to the smallest details, the old arrangement of things. He followed Bess around like a little child and grew uneasy if she left the house for an hour.

Boom tap-tap. Boom tap-tap. The sound of the fifes grew more and more distinct until they clearly heard music of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"

As for her, she was as happy as the day was long. She worked enthusiastically and sang as she worked. As the house began to take on much of its former dignity and beauty, she felt as though she had been granted some magic power.

One evening, as the two sat before the open fire, she announced,

"Uncle, I am going to give a party."

"A party? Good land, girl, you don't mean—"

"I mean I'm going to invite here every living old crony you ever had and their children and grandchildren."

"Guess you won't find many who'll come."

"Yes, they'll come. I'm sure of it."

"But—but I don't want 'em. I've lived alone and—"

"I'm boss this month, Uncle. Only a week longer and then I'll abdicate. I'm going to spend tomorrow hunting them up and making them promise."

"I dunno. I—"

"Now you're an ogre again."

"No," he said quickly. "You—you go ahead."

"It's going to be an old time party," she explained. "We're to have dancing in the big room."

"Dancin'," he chuckled. "Bill Smith's got a wooden leg now and Dick Sanders and Joe Whitely have the rheumatiz. Then, there's Sue Trumble an' the widder Foster—Lord!"

"Yes, they'll be here. But we'll also have young Bill Smith—I think he's sweet on me. Uncle—and Dick Sanders, Jr. and Mary Foster's grandchild."

"Huh! The widder who was fool nuff to mortgage her place to give that girl music lessons." (*Continued on Page 68*)

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It's mighty good as it is but it ought to be a

BETTER

Some true tales of folks and

THE COLOR OF ROSES

By Julia Searing Leaycroft

TUCKED away in New Orleans, far from the languorous elegance and drowsy charm of the residential section, purrs the "Irish Channel." It is a section of factories, fifteen blocks by five, and the purr is of myriad machines and looms.

Here is harbored almost all of New Orleans' industry except garment making. The roaring of looms proclaims the cotton mills, the textile and thread factories. Pungently sweet odors surround the candy, coffee, tobacco, molasses and biscuit factories. They make bags there, great quantities of them. Negroes bring up the trucks and wagons for the loads, laughing and breaking into song.

These factories are filled with thousands of girls. Formerly their lives were bounded by the great dark walls of the factory. Home scarcely counted for they were so worn out when they reached it, after long hours, that supper and sleep were all they wanted. The next morning it began all over again, with box luncheons at noon.

But there came a time when someone remembered what had been long forgotten—an old deserted house, a mansion left forlornly alone by its owner because the manufactories had eaten into the quiet neighborhood. It stood in its solitary grandeur as it had stood when old-time balls had brought stately carriages up the winding driveways. It was soft grey in color, with double balconies about it. The iron-work was French green, copied from an old house in French-town. Inside was a great court-yard of stone tiles and a Creole garden with a high brick wall and a big tree.

The Y. W. C. A. took over the place for an Industrial Center for the girls working in the neighborhood. At first, the girls came by hundreds but now four thousand of them come regularly. They come for classes of all sorts, for games, for companionship, for rest—for the relaxation and gaiety of life they can find only when it is made for them. The place is their own. They have self-government, with serious conferences. They can give parties whenever they like and use the house as they will. Other Centers have set a precedent by providing wholesome twenty-cent lunches for the girls.

There are nine basket-ball teams today, in a city that formerly was entirely without athletics. In the old Creole garden, a basket-ball court holds sway and is king.

Even more conspicuous than the atmosphere of play is the glowing color of the place. "Why don't you have mixed rugs and dark curtains, that won't show the dirt? Your china should be thick and substantial! You will have big bills for breakage!" These were some of the criticisms made by the "practicals," who would surround the factory girl at play with the same dinginess that surrounds her at work.

. . . No attention was paid to these dismal forebodings—not in New Orleans! Instead the interior of the industrial center was finished in a rich old cream. The decorations were rose, supplemented by rich blue and violet. The color of roses is what welcomes the girls who have stood all day at thread mills in their bare feet (the plants are kept so hot in making thread that even shoes and stockings have to be discarded). Instead of eating strawberry ice-cream from a plate half an inch thick and correspondingly hideous its rosiness is brought to them on a thin, exquisitely tinted plate, and behold! one rests and eats!

What has happened in the "Irish Channel" of New Orleans?

First of all, something strange has gone on in the heads of employers. One mill manager who asked the director not to tell his girls of the high wages paid by the government, came to her awhile ago and said: "How shall I set about shortening hours for my girls? I want to give them more time for going to the center to play."

That was far from sudden magnanimity. He had found, as have other manufacturers of the neighborhood, that recreation has an economic value.

That almost tells the tale, doesn't it? Four thousand girls could give more to their work, for having had a bit of recreation in their day. Four thousand girls were more useful and happier citizens of society for having been given a place to call their own, a place overflowing with the color of roses.

BOOKS FOR EVERYBODY

By Ida M. Tarbell

THE soldier boy began it. He was down in South Carolina, and chanced to get hold of a pamphlet named "The Job Book" which is merely

Original from

If you love your country you'll want to help it

AMERICA

things that show a people's heart

a list of a thousand or so books, issued by the war library service of the A. L. A., particularly for men leaving the service. This young soldier read of the books and he wrote to the Library of Congress in Washington, which is the headquarters of the Mother of Books, to know where he could get some of the things listed. His letter was sent to one of the two young women in my story. She knew what to do. The machinery was all ready. The man was in the district of a colleague and so she wrote at once to the Kennedy Free Library of Spartanburg, S. C., and made her plea:

"You can, no doubt, be of great service in lending books to this man. Please let us know if we can help you out in any way. Even though he may not be a returned soldier and eligible for direct service from us, we shall be glad to supply books to you which you might lend to him, if you will let us know what is needed."

NOW it was this last wise and generous thought, "*even though he may not be a returned soldier*," that brought the

GENERAL COUNTRY STORE
Thomas Rose, Proprietor
5 miles West. Long Creek
Westminster, S. C.

into this story. For immediately the alert and sympathetic young woman at Spartanburg wrote back to her colleague:

"Of course I shall do all I can for your returned soldier. He is in my county and I shall be glad to communicate with him right away," and she added:

"Some time ago, I had a letter from Mr. Thomas Rose, Westminster Star Route, Westminster, S. C., asking if we could send them —the request came from returned soldiers—a package of books every week through Mr. Rose's country store, if he would assume responsibility. It distresses me that I could not, for we had more than we could manage with our own town and county and with only one assistant I could not take the rest of the state under our wings, however gladly I would have if I could.

"These boys are away up in the northwestern corner of our state and need books, very, very badly, but it is probable that they want books for general reading, rather than technical books as they have practically nothing in the way of reading matter, they say.

"If there should be any way in which the A. L. A. War Service could help in this case, I am sure that these young men would be very grateful."

THIS letter had no sooner arrived than the receiver, eager as its writer, packed up twenty-five books and without waiting to investigate Mr. Rose—if you've worked for dough boys for a year, you have faith in men and are willing to take chances—sent them to him and along with them went a letter asking how many returned soldiers and sailors there were in his vicinity; how many books he would like at once; what kind of books he wanted; any special titles that somebody might ask for; what particular lines of work were represented by the men who would read the books and so on.

There were no conditions attached to the package. All she asked was whether he could see that the books were cared for and returned at the end of two months in good condition. She would even pay the postage. She could send 50 or 100 books at a time, if he liked.

I wish I could have been present when the books dropped from the sky on Thomas Rose's counter—an answer to a request he had given up as hopeless. I wish so because of the letters before me, for their coming was the beginning of a correspondence with him which at this writing has been going on for some six months.

"I am ten miles from the railroad in a very scattered community. I think there is about 15 or 20 Soldier Boys. I will put a notice in the county paper offering to loan the Books. These homes of the Mountain Whites of S. C. are not liable to take care of books, as they should, but I will impress on the minds of the boys that the Books must be kept clean, and I will do the best I can. I guess the Box got spilled. I have 13 books." And later:

"I think there are about 50 Soldiers and Sailors that would care and desire Books. If you would send me about 100, mostly fiction and others that instill Love of Country and Patriotism and uplifting of higher ideals for Womanhood. What is needed is education amongst these Mountain Whites. 16 per cent. of the adults that come down the big road are illiterate. To remove this stigma, is my reason."

One of the questions that was asked Thomas Rose in the letter which went with the first lot of books was what particular lines of work the men were in, and he was quick to snatch at this suggestion and immediately answered, "One boy, with a leg off, asks for a book on candy making. He is selling and making candy and his mother and three sisters are making a Cotton Crop and all doing well. No other help needed."

Almost at once the candy books were sent and jubilantly Thomas Rose replied: "Received two books on Candy making for a soldier boy who is much pleased and highly elated."

But while he had the joy of supplying the need of this particular Soldier Boy, he had also the disappointment of finding that not all the soldier boys that were back wanted his books now that he had them. For after a few weeks he writes a little pathetically with a half apology for his people:

"As this is the most illiterate state in the Union, there is not such a demand for the Books as I expected that there would be. Fifty per cent. of the rural population cannot read or write, and very few seem to take any interest in reading outside of the Newspapers or weekly or a Sears, Roebuck Catalog. Indifference as to education is seen by the parents either for themselves or their children."

"FOR one thing the roads are to blame and the land rental system. The small pay offered to Teachers, $25 a month up to this year, now $40 and some of the teachers have over 50 pupils but the schools in one particular locality only run 2 months. The funds are exhausted and the children have to work in the fields (Cotton). This little store goes back to the primitive days of Barter. The women and children bring me Roots, Eggs, Chickens, and trade them for Snuff, Lard, Coffee, Tea and Sugar."

Two months later he is more hopeful:

"This is one of the most illiterate sections of our country, but a dawning light is breaking in the return of our boys and the future will show a greater diffusion of the three R's."

He is surer too of what is wanted:

"Should it be possible, send in place of these, some on Religion, even sermons, Talmadge, Phillips Brooks, Spurgeon, a collection of American Poetry and one on Botany—gathering of Medicinal Herbs and Roots. Hygiene for Children would be appreciated as is all the rest."

And later still he asks:

"Would be pleased to have any school books that would teach Penmanship or first lessons in spelling. In addition to the soldiers, I am loaning books to the Teachers of the rural schools, and also to the Teachers of the Moonlight Schools. Some of the Pupils are between 70 and 90 years of age and go from 3 to 5 miles through the roads to these schools to learn the 3 R's so that they may read the Bible and sign their name. How proud they are when that feat is accomplished. I think that great credit is due the Teachers as the financial rewards are but meagre.

"The Soldier Boys don't seem to be capable of sustained effort in reading books. Magazines and periodicals appeal mostly to them. so I thought that perhaps Addresses, Sermons, Poetry and simple books would be better. One must try the shallows ere they essay the deeps. The Books are loaned over the country for a radius of 40 miles. I have been asked for pictures but they are not for copies of the World's leading works of Art, The Last Supper or the Angelus or the Night Watch causes but a passing glance.

"But an interior with a Vacant Chair would hold their attention for hours, whereas Turner with his lights and shadows or Whistler and his etchings cause not a look."

The sermons and poetry were sen and Thomas Rose writes:

"The Box of 50 books and the writing lessons arrived and last week 11 Books, Sermons, and Poetry came from N. Y. The Moody Sermons were utilized for a Piece de Resistance at the Meeting House and afforded much Joy amongst our Mountain Folk. They love to be read to. But the Soldier Boys as a rule do not avail themselves of the Books as they should. They cannot concentrate their minds on the Printed page. Action, toujours action, as one young fellow says, whether its Plowing, Fishing or Hunting. Many thanks for Books and interest in the intellectual uplift."

And this is the last letter. But the books are going on and Thomas Rose is finding his own original uses for them. Where in all this broad land will one find a truer centre of light and helpfulness than the General Country Store, Five Miles West of Long Creek, Westminster, South Carolina or a more understanding and devoted apostle of real Americanism than Thomas Rose?

OUT OF OUR DAILY LIFE

SOMETIMES when we are going home from work, amid the hurrying crowds of the city, or strolling down to the post office for the evening mail along the drowsy, friendly streets of our little town, or cutting cross lots at sunset back to the farm house, the thought strikes us that it is a pretty dead old world after all. The romance, the adventure, the heroism have all been gobbled up long ago either by the magazine stories or by the really great and famous living men and women. And there isn't much left for you and me and the rest of the millions of common folks. But that really isn't so! All over the United States, people, whose names aren't in the headlines, who ride to work on street cars, who worry about the rent and glow with pride because their children are heading their classes at school, every day people of this description are doing interesting things, big things, human things. Anyone who will glance over a bunch of newspapers, gathered from different places—Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Los Angeles and New Orleans, will find, often tucked away at the bottom of the page, little stories of what these real people are doing in our country.

There is the skipper of the lumber carrier Myron, who braved the storms of the Great Lakes. His ship and his crew went down, leaving him perched on the roof of the pilot house, to drift for nineteen hours over angry icy waters. *"Safe after a twenty-four hour bath in Lake Superior"*, he telegraphed his wife after he had been picked up.

In Cleveland, there is a sixty-five year old grammar school student. She has sixteen children and fifteen grandchildren. But "It's never too late to learn," she says, "I'm going to learn how to read a newspaper and write letters in English. I'm going to the shows and understand what the actors say." And she's doing with a will what she set out to do. In fact, she heads her class!

"The walk'nest man I ever seed", is what the Kentucky mountaineers call Shelley D. Watts, a Red Cross Home Service man. In the heat, in the cold, with his brief case in his hand, and help and cheer in his heart, he trudges over mountains, up wooded trails, along creek beds, to the cabins of the soldiers' families, the sick and the destitute. Sometimes, when the walk is a little long, say twenty-four miles or so, he uses the faithful mule, the "flivver of the mountains".

Then there is the enterprising woman from Chattanooga, Tennesee, who read a magazine article about South America and immediately embarked to make her fortune there. She's done it by selling soda crystals for laundry purposes. She saw the need; she got a trademark which would catch the Brazilian's eye; and she established her product by travelling around in an automobile, interviewing small dealers and giving them samples. You can imagine the astonishment of the Portuguese grocer when he found that this American was not a customer but a saleswoman!

But a woman does not have to travel abroad to make a career for herself. In Atlanta, Georgia, a postmistress recently died. *The Constitution* had a short editorial about her headed "An Inspiring Life". For twenty-five years she had superintended the mail at one of the post office stations and during all that time she had been absent only one day: hard-working, punctual and loyal to her post. And when she died she was eighty years old. We are often apt to look impersonally upon the people who handle our letters. But in truth they are the harbingers of good tidings, of sorrow and of joy. Through their hands pass daily the fortunes, the careers and the hearts of millions of people.

Just a little while ago, a man crossed the continent from California to Virginia at the call of his collie. The poor dog, who had been left behind with friends, was so lonesome that he would sit day after day watching the trolleys, waiting for his master to come home. And his master did not fail him. He appreciated the animal's devotion and loyalty and he travelled 3,000 miles to get his faithful follower.

In New Orleans, there lives a man who was a swimming champion forty years ago. In his career, he has saved 64 people from drowning. He is now eighty-four years old but he has not lost all his youthful vigor. He is still saving lives!

These short items prove that heroism is not dead yet

Original from

GIVING THE CHILDREN THE VOTE

"I AM an Americanizer. I am helping to make every man and woman a Regular Voter."—so runs the badge that every school child in Grand Rapids, Michigan, will wear with pride during the weeks before the spring election.

They have a new slant on Americanism and Americanization in Grand Rapids. It doesn't mean just being a citizen, born or naturalized. To be a real American, a man must do his part towards helping look after this vast land of ours, he must regularly do the one governing act that lies within the power of every citizen, that is to say, he must vote.

"I forgot to register and it's too late now," "I don't think I'll bother to vote this election." How many times have we heard remarks like these. It is against this shirking spirit that the Americanization Society of Grand Rapids is girding itself up for battle and, to carry on the fight, it has wisely picked as its army the voters of tomorrow—the school children.

The watchword of the campaign is "Every Man and Woman should be a Regular Voter." And this is the plan of action: During registration days, each child makes two canvasses of the city block where he lives and of additional blocks if possible. He rings the door bell.

"Have you registered?" he asks seriously.

And if the man or woman of the house answers "Yes", the child smiles and skips on but if he is greeted by "No", he is not so pleased.

"Be sure to register Saturday," he admonishes. "There are very important things to vote on. Vote April 7th. Get a voter's tag and save the tag for me."

The Americanization Society provides these tags, a tag for every voter.

"I AM AN AMERICAN.
I VOTED. DID YOU?
WEAR THIS 2 DAYS. HELP MAKE
THE SHIRKER CONSPICUOUS."

So reads one tag. "Believing in self government I voted." is the slogan of another. These tags are sent around to the different schools and from there taken to the precincts where they are distributed by specially selected children. I tell you, it is an honor to give out a tag to every man who has answered the children's plea and shown that he is a real American.

The day after election is a very exciting day. Then the tags are collected and counted, and the school that has collected the largest number of tags in proportion to the number of pupils, receives as a prize a silk flag with gold fringe and a staff. The second prize is a smaller flag without fringe and the third prize still smaller, with neither staff nor fringe.

But all is not yet over. There is still more to come in this "voting contest." Each boy and girl in the schools writes a letter or an essay, telling how he went from house to house urging the people to register and vote, the instructive or amusing things they said; or, if he wishes, he can write about the issues of the campaign and the results, of the election. All the letters are read aloud in each room and the children vote as to which are the best three. The Parents-Teachers Association decides which are the best three of the whole school and then the Federation of School Clubs picks out the best three from all the schools. And a great honor it is to be the boy or girl whose letter or essay is thus singled out as the best

WINNING A PRIZE AND MORE

PRIZES for scholarship, prizes for essays, prizes for plays, honors for high marks—most women's colleges abound in these—but a prize for health, just plain ordinary health, so often neglected, so infinitely valuable in the conflict with life—that is something different, striking. Mount Holyoke College has such a prize, the Sarah Streeter Cup. It isn't given to the girl who breaks the record for high jumping or who makes the winning basket-ball team but to the senior who, at her final physical examination, is in the best physical condition; that is, to the girl who has at least command a well developed muscular strength and endurance and a firm foundation of well-being. We are apt to stress the mental equipment with which a girl leaves college, with little thought for her physical equipment. But surely in the rush and tear of modern life, a woman needs the resources of a good physique upon which to draw if she wishes to meet the world face to face and achieve success.

Perhaps there was something of this in Sarah Streeter's mind, when, in 1914, she established the Sarah Streeter Cup. She was an athlete herself and knew the value of outdoor exercise. "To stimulate interest in gymnastic work and athletics" is the official purpose of the Cup and, according to the college authorities, it accomplishes its object. Not that any girl deliberately sets out to win the Cup but, on the other hand, it isn't just a prize entered in the catalogue and unknown to half the students. The winning of it is considered a distinct honor and the girl who holds it is entered in the annals of the college mind as the "winner of the Sarah Streeter Cup". Almost any Mount Holyoke girl you meet can tell you on the instant the winners of the Cup from 1914 down.

The award is made on the basis of the usual gymnastic tests of a physical examination, such as the strength of the arms and back, lung expansion and heart action. But that a girl ranks highest in these tests does not mean that athletics are her sole end and accomplishmnt and health, her only, asset. Miss Mildred Fowler Gignoux this year's winner, besides playing tennis, basket-ball and hockey, is one of the editor of the college year book; has acted in several plays; has served on numerous committees; tutors in both the French and English Departments, and has distinguished herself in scholarship. She is what one might call an "all-a-round girl."

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Jim had gone home where his wife, the only person in the world who was not afraid of him, washed the blood from his face

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BIG JIM CALLAHAN

By Elizabeth Cooper

Illustrated by F. R. Gruger

WE ARE told that there is a spark of the Divine in every human being but one would be compelled to delve deep to find a spark of his Creator in the person of James Callahan, track walker for the Erie road.

In New York, Jim might have been called a Socialist. In Mast Hope, they said he was "agin" everything. But they understood him and knew that if he was left alone and allowed to talk without opposition, nothing happened. Consequently, in respect to his six feet four and his pugilistic tendencies, he was allowed to abuse the powers that be, to his heart's content, from the President of the United States and the President of the Erie down to the track foreman. No one argued with him. The men listened in silence, nodded their heads from time to time or exchanged surreptitious glances with each other, being careful that Jim did not catch sight of those same glances.

As the Buffalo express went by, pretty ladies, looking from the windows of the Pullman, saw a great burly figure standing by the side of the lines, glowering up at them, his shaggy eyebrows nearly covering the sullen eyes that looked hatred at the rich people riding by, the bristly red moustache covering a mouth that was often twisted in a snarl as he thought of the ease of those people in their comfortable chairs, while he had to walk the track to guard them. And the ladies turned from the window with a shudder, and said, "What a brute!"

Jim, indeed, had one overmastering hatred. He hated the people who rode in Pullmans. To him, the man who rode by in the Pullman was a bloated, white handed aristocrat. He felt for him what the people of the Commune felt for the lords and ladies at the time of the French Revolution. If a guillotine could have been set up on the green at Mast Hope, he would have driven a tumbril, and filled it with men who rode in Pullmans.

For five years, Jim had walked the track and would quite likely have walked it for another five years or until the end of his days, if a new track foreman had not been put over him. The old foreman knew his surly ways, his fighting, quarrelsome nature and left him alone to do his work. But a new man had been transferred to that section of the Erie, a young man with a German name, who had just returned from France and who felt that his orders should be listened to with respect, because of the great service he had rendered his country in driving an ammunition truck "over there."

One rainy night, about a month after Hartman had been made foreman, the door of Branning's store was flung violently open and Charley Hanan, another trackman, came excitedly into the room. The men, who were slowly preparing to start for their homes, looked up at Charley's flushed face and, feeling that there was going to be something to break the monotony of existence, settled back on their boxes and waited for the news they could see trembling on Charley's lips.

"Say, what do you think?" he said. "There's been a fight down in Jim's cut! Hartman laid Jim's head open with a crowbar, and he's give him his time."

No one spoke for a moment.

"Did Jim kill him?" some one asked. As no one could imagine a fight, with Jim Callahan coming out second, they naturally supposed that he had killed a man who had dared to hit him, especially one who had been cowardly enough to hit him with an iron crowbar.

"No. Hartman got away," he answered.

"How'd it happen?" asked Frank Redding.

"Well, I was going with Hartman up the line and he was rubbering around and he saw Jim's shelter over the side of the bank. He stopped the hand-car, and went down and Jim was settin' in there having his smoke. I stayed on the car fer a time, then I heard voices gittin' louder and went down. I seed there was goin' to be trouble and I tried to tell Hartman that Jim was all right, that he watched his track all right, but Hartman is a smart Alec and thinks he knows it all. He got chesty and said no man would set in a shelter while he was foreman. He was goin' to put a stop to that kind of work. No man could soldier on his job so long as he was boss! He talked a lot and Jim didn't say nothin' fer a time, when Hartman said somethin' about the lazy Irish, and Jim got up. I tried to git Hartman away, but nothin' doin.' He was feelin' all fired puffed up and had to talk. When he saw Jim's big body raise up, he looked at him a minit and then he said, 'Why didn't you go across? They needed men like you!' Jim said, 'That's my business.' Hartman sneered, 'I suppose you crept behind your wife's petticoats.' Jim's face got fedder than his hair and he said, in a low voice, 'Dutchie, you said enough.' That word 'Dutchie' made Hartman mad and he began again. 'Oh, I've heard about you,' he said. 'You don't believe in fightin' unless you're full of whiskey!' 'Oh, don't I?' said Jim, 'I ain't full of whiskey now and I'm goin' to lick Hell out of you, you mangy little runt.' And he started for Hartman. Hartman backed off, then bent over quick and picked up a bar that was layin' there and as Jim reached for him he hit him over the head with it. Jim fell like an ox and we started fer our car. I thought Jim was done fer, but not he. He got up in a minit and started after us up the bank, the blood runnin' down his face and him looking awful. I've heerd tell about wild animals but no wild animal ever looked like Jim Callahan did then. Hartman was scared plumb to death and he jumped on the car and started it, hardly givin' me time to climb on. We was nearly up to the bend before Jim got up the bank and we slowed down when Hartman seen that Jim couldn't catch us. Jim stood shakin' his fist and yellin', 'I'll git you', and swearing something awful. Hartman seed he was safe and he yelled back, 'I give you your time! Git out of this! The Erie don't want you! Don't ever let me see you on this track agin!' Then we flew around the curve and I took Pete Blake down to take Jim's place."

The men looked at each other and some of them laughed.

"Pete Blake!" one said, amazement in his voice. "Say, Hartman's green. He won't stop in the shelter to have a pipe. He'll *live* there! Why didn't you tell him about Pete?"

Charley shrugged his shoulders.

"It's none of my business," he replied. "You can't tell Hartman nothin'. He knows it all hisself."

"But he don't know Pete or he

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wouldn't give him the only bad cut from here to Jersey City."

"Well, he'll learn."

The men started for the door as Mr. Branning began to close the store. One of the men turned and said to Charley.

"Hartman won't be long with us if he puts a man like Pete to watching the bad places. There'll be an accident and he'll git canned."

"Here's hopin'," answered Charley as he started towards home to tell the exciting news to his wife.

In the meantime, Jim had gone to the little yellow house by the river, where his wife, the only person in the world who was not afraid of him, washed the blood from his face and tried to pacify him. She did succeed in binding up his wound but success did not crown her efforts to calm him. He walked up and down the little kitchen swearing, saying over and over again, "I'll git him! I'll git him! If I wait a hundred years, I'll git him!"

Then he would roll out oaths that made even Maggie, who was used to him, shudder.

"Knocked me down, and I didn't have a chance to hit back. First time a man can say he ever put Jim Callahan on his back. I'll fix him. Throwed in my face that I didn't go across and fight. Said I couldn't fight unless I was full of whiskey. I'll show him!"

His wife tried to soothe him. "Never mind Jim. Don't worry about it. The boss will send him somewhere's else. You bin a good man and every one knows it. They'll take you back on the road. They won't let a good man like you go."

Jim paused and looked at his wife.

"Take me back? Yes they will! I've finished with the Erie. I've walked their track fer the last time. Rotten road, run by a lot of rich men. I hate 'em, hate 'em all. When I see the express trains go by in the mornings with their long string of Pullmans and know there's a lot of rich men lyin' there sleepin', I feel sometimes. I'd like to roll a rock on the lines and send them all to Hell! They're ridin' soft and I'm standin' by in the rain seein' that nothin' happens to 'em. and they got big homes and soft beds and fine food and rich clothes and I git only three fifty fer my night's work. It ain't right, Maggie! I'm just as good as they are and my body is just as fine as theirs'. Why should I be standin' by in the cold and rain and they ridin' by in the Pullmans?"

"Never mind, Jimmie," said Maggie, who saw that Jim was getting off on his hobby. "You don't need to work for the Erie. You won't need to watch the Pullmans go by no more. Luxton wants men in the woods and he pays good wages. Up in the woods, you won't see the trains go by. Then you won't think of the rich men no more."

"Just hear me, Maggie!" Jim turned to her with blazing eyes. "If the president of the Erie, if Underwood hisself came to me on his bended knees and asked me to go back, I'd never work another day fer that blasted road. Their cut kin fall in, fer all o' me! I'd jest sit by and laugh if they had a wreck up there. I'd like to see it. I'd like to see them fat, soft men in their Pullmans go over the bank. I wouldn't hold up my little finger to save 'em." And he shook his great hand in Maggie's face.

Jim was caught in the mass and went rolling over and over until he lay panting and gasping across the tracks

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Maggie took him by the arm and led him into the bedroom.

"That's all right, Jimmie," she said in the tone one uses to a spoiled child. "That's all right. You go to sleep now and you'll feel different in the mornin'."

The next day it rained, a steady persistent rain. Jim wandered around the house for a time, then went to the store—the meeting-place of the men who were not working. No one dared to broach the subject of his discharge to him but they all looked with interest at the bandage which showed below Jim's old hat. Luxton, the man who was getting out props for the Scranton mines, said: "Jim, do you want to come with me? I'm losing Farrell and need a man."

Jim grunted, his only reply.

Luxton, who was a stranger in the place and did not know Jim's peculiarities, said again: "I hear you got your time. If they don't take you back, you can come with me if you want to."

Jim turned on him.

"If they won't take me back, ye say? Do you suppose I'd go back? No. I got enough of the Erie! I'll never walk another foot of their track. I've watched that cut fer five years, and it's five years too long. I'm through. Yes, I'll come wit ye. I'm goin' to be a lumber jack, I ain't a railroad man no longer. When do you want me?"

"As soon as the rain stops. Got a lot of props must get out at once."

"All right!" He was quiet for a moment. "Yes, I'll come," he said. He went to the door and watched the rain falling outside. As he stood there he heard the name of Pete Blake mentioned by one of the men and turned so that he could hear the conversation.

"Hartman's put Blake in Jim's place fer good.. I'll bet he won't do much watching if the rain keeps on. like a cat, he don't like water."

The men laughed, then one said: "The rain's bad fer the cut. He ought to have a good man up there. There'slikely to be a big slide if this keeps on."

Jim turned. "Hope to God there is! Hope one evening the express goes over the bank. I'd like to see that big rock at the bend come down and send the whole damn train over into the river. I wouldn't hold out my hand to help 'em. I'm glad I've done my last trick in watching that cut to make it safe fer a lot of rich men sleepin' soft in their Pullmans."

No one answered him and in a few moments he opened the door and went out.

* * * * *

It rained all that day and the next and at night the quiet rain turned into a wild, blustering storm. The wind blew and the water came down in torrents. Jim wandered around the house or stood by the window watching the sheets of water dash against the panes. He could not sit still, could not read his favorite paper, kept lighting and relighting his pipe. Maggie scolded him for using so many matches and he showed his preoccupation by making no angry rejoinder to her complaining. Finally, about ten o'clock he flung himself into his bed. But he could not sleep. Maggie lay quietly by his side, only rousing once in a while as Jim's incessant turning and tossing disturbed her.

At last, it seemed that Jim had decided something. He lay quietly, watching Maggie. When her even breathing told him that she was asleep, he slipped out of bed and, stealthily picking up his clothes, went into the kitchen. He went to the window and looked out at the rain, listened to the wind, then muttered something under his breath about, "Pete Blake, the drunken loafer", and began dressing. He found his rain coat and his storm hat; lighted his lantern and looked into his pocket to see if he had any of the torpedoes with which the track men warn the engine driver of a danger ahead on the line. He went to the corner where he kept his tools and took up a heavy crow-bar; then, waiting a moment to see if he had disturbed Maggie, he quietly opened the door and went out into the night. The storm was worse than he had thought and he was nearly blown from his feet as he passed the shelter of the house. The rain came down in floods and he was wet to the skin before he was on the tracks.

Jim made his way against the wind up the familiar track of iron, muttering to himself, cursing the railroad, the officials, and especially Hartman who had no more sense than to put a man like Pete Blake to guard a bad cut in the rainy season. As he drew near the cut he began to look for Blake's lantern. Pete's It was not to be seen. Jim sneered, "Pete's asleep somewhere, warm and comfortable. Let him sleep! What do I care fer this old road? If there's a wreck, it'll learn 'em somethin'. And Hartman'll git his. He's bin told Pete's no good but he knows it all. Let it come! I hope it will, then Hartman'll git his."

Jim walked up and down the track where the rocks on one side nearly hung over the rails and where the roaring of the river could be heard below the steep embankment on the other side. The wind blew his rain coat open and it flapped and weaved around his wet legs. The rain ran down his neck in little torrents and dashed into his face until at times he was nearly blinded. Still he persistently walked up and down the line, stopping from time to time to hold his lantern aloft so that he could study the rocks above him. Each time he came to the end of the cut he said to himself "I'll go home! It ain't my business!" but he did not. He turned and walked slowly back over the road way. As he paced up and down his beat, each time he came to a certain place he instinctively looked up at a great rock above him. At last daylight came and began to outline the trees, then as the light became stronger he could distinguish objects along the way, and he stopped a moment to watch the river which was rushing madly down below.

He started back, saying for the last time, "I'll go home now, it ain't none of my business anyhow." But as he passed the dangerous place he threw a glance at the great stone above him, and stopped short. His eyes, studying that wall above him for the last five years, had grown to know every inch of it. Every object was as familiar to him as was the placing of the furniture in the little kitchen at home. As he looked at the rock, it seemed to him that it was a little below its usual position. The scrub oak that grew above it was farther away. He studied it intently for a moment. Then he said under his breath, "It's movin'. By God, it's movin'!"

He stood there, seemingly too paralyzed to move. Then he heard the singing of the rails that told him the express was coming—that long train of Pullmans carrying the rich men he hated, to the city. There seemed to be a movement of the earth around the rock and with his railroad man's knowledge he knew that the vibration of the train would bring that rock on the rails.

That spark of the Divine which is in all men was fanned into flame. Jim forgot his hatred of the Erie; his battle against the rich men who rode in trains while he walked in the rain; his vengeance against Hartman, whom he knew would lose his job if there was an accident on his section.

"NONE SO WISE"

YOU, who read "None So Old," the remarkable story of Theodocia Pearce in the January Number, saw in it a fresh, fine understanding of common, beautiful realities of American life. We have not been so stirringly affected by a piece of short fiction since the manuscript of "Mother" by Kathleen Norris first came our way.

Miss Pearce's story was the first of a series concerning the members of the Knight family, their adventures and misadventures, joys and sorrows, typical of all of us in the normal world of common American life. The second story, "None So Young," appeared in the February Number.

The third story will appear in May. There will be more to follow. They rise in interest and quality to the final one, "None So Useless," a noble picture of the justified mother and her touching happiness over the evident results of her devotion and self sacrifice.

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He only remembered that the train was coming, carrying its load of sleeping people and that if the rock came down the train would be hurled into the river below. With one bound, Jim started up the hill. As the train came on, he could feel the ground quiver beneath him and he sprang in front of the great pile of stone and sticking his iron bar into the earth before it, he threw all of his weight of two hundred and forty pounds against the bar. He dimly realized that if the rock went, he also must go in front of the engine but, whatever happened to him, that rock must be held until those Pullmans passed. As the train swept around the curve, the earth trembled and Jim threw more of his weight against the bar until the muscles in his arms swelled and the veins in his neck seemed to be bursting. He kept saying to himself "I can't hold it! I can't hold it,-but God! I *must!*" He strained and strained and the rock held until the last car passed. Then Jim jumped to one side as the tons of earth and small rocks and bushes were hurled down the hill. Jim was caught in the mass and went rolling over and over until he lay panting and gasping across the tracks. The great boulder that had been the cause of all the trouble, bounced and bounded and finally slid over the embankment to the river down below.

Jim lay there for a while, only half conscious, then, after a time, he gasped and sat up, felt his arms, tried to straighten his back and slowly, with many groans and curses, stood up. He looked at the damage around him then up the track where a figure could be dimly seen coming his way. He said, "There's Pete now! The express woke him, I suppose. Well, it's up to him to send word about this." As the figure came nearer, Jim walked away and stepped behind some bushes until Pete passed him. Then he went towards the village in the distance.

As he entered the bedroom of his house, Maggie turned and half opened her eyes. Seeing Jim in his usual working clothes, coming home about the usual time, she opened her eyes a little wider and said:

"Why, Jimmie, you bin workin'? You told me——"

Jim turned away from her. He had said he would never again work for the Erie. No one must know what he had done. He was ashamed of it. No one must ever know that he had risked his life; that he had stood in front of that rock when it meant death to him if his great arms and back could not hold it in place long enough to allow the train to pass. These thoughts did not take concrete form in Jim's mind because he was not a thinking animal. He was just a great big, quarrelsome, bad-tempered Irishman with a grievance against the world. But deep down within his heart was that workman's loyalty to his job, that something planted by the Creator that makes the laboring man do his work, not for the day's pay, but because it is *his* work and he must do it, even at the risk of his life. It is the God in him that is stronger than the man.

But Jim Callahan did not realize this. He did not realize that in a few moments he had justified his thirty-five years of existence. He only knew that he had said he would never walk the Erie tracks again, that he would not raise his little finger to save from death the men riding by in the Pullmans and now that he had done it, he was ashamed and turned fiercely on Maggie saying:

"Workin'? Hell, no! I bin playin' peanuckle in Branning's back room!"

BEATING THE GODS

By Benjamin De Casseres

OF ALL the panaceas for human ills, the two that have never been tried are Pity and Humor.

Not Pity in its mawkish, sentimental sense or Humor in its Charlie Chaplin sense but Pity of the brain as well as of the heart.

Pity of the brain is tolerance, understanding, conviviality with the rest of the human race.

Humor is the grin of the imagination; the perception of the non-importance of the little worries of the day; an instantaneous perception of the humorous side of the fight with the janitor.

Tolerance of the heart and brain and your funny-bone always shining through your mind's eye—if each one of us could make a creed out of this, it would bring us near to the millennium—not the foolish millennium of perfection or the millennium of parlor Bolshevists but the millennium of Good Nature and Humanity.

The problems of the human race are too great for any one of us to wrestle with. None of us is a Hercules.

But there is something greater than the actual solution of these problems and that is, the art of meeting them with tolerance and a smile.

It is said the gods of our lives laugh; had they a little more pity, they would be as perfect as we'd wish anything.

Why can we not beat the gods at their own game—with Pity and Humor?

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After all nothing except love can bring back

"THE LOST BEAUTIFULNESS"

By Anzia Yezierska

Illustrated by Hawthorne Howland

IT WAS only a few years ago that the author of this story came to this country, an immigrant, one burning with zealous ambition and determination. What she saw here affected her so deeply that she learned English in order to put her impressions before the people of America. To-day she is one of the greatest interpreters of the life and thoughts of her people as they appear in their new environment.

"I got no time. The minutes is money," he said, extending a claw-like hand for the rent

"OI, weh! How it shines the beautifulness!" exulted Hanneh Hayyeh over her newly painted kitchen. She cast a glance full of worship and adoration at the picture of her son in uniform. Eyes like her own, shining with eagerness, with joy of life looked back at her.

"Aby will not have to shame himself to come back to his old home," she rejoiced, clapping her hands—hands blistered from the paint-brush and calloused from rough toil. "Now he'll be able to invite all the grandest friends he made in the army."

The smell of the paint was heavy, but she inhaled it in huge draughts of hidden beauty. For weeks she had dreamed of it and felt in each tin of paint that she was able to buy, in each stroke of the brush, the ecstasy of loving service for the son she idolized.

Ever since she first began to wash the fine silks and linens for Mrs. Preston, long ago, it has been Hanneh Hayyeh's ambition to have a white-painted kitchen exactly like the one in the old Stuyvesant Square mansion. Now her own kitchen was a dream come true.

Hanneh Hayyeh ran into her husband, a stoop-shouldered, care-crushed man, who was leaning against the bed, his swollen feet outstretched, counting the pennies that totalled his day's earnings.

"Jake Saffransky!" she cried excitedly. "You got to come in and give a look on my painting before you go to sleep."

"Oi, let me alone. Give me only a rest."

Too intoxicated with the joy of achievement to take "no" for an answer, she dragged him into the doorway. "Nu? How do you like it? Do I know what beautiful is?"

"But how much money did you spend out on that paint?"

"It was my own money," she said, wiping the perspiration off her face with a corner of her apron. "Every penny I earned myself from the extra washing."

"But you had ought to save it up for the bad times. What'll you do when the cold weather starts in and the pushcart will not wheel itself out?"

"I save and pinch enough for myself. This I done in honor for my son. I want my Aby to lift up his head in the world. I want him to be able to invite even the President from America to his home and not shame himself."

"You'd pull the bananas off a blind man's pushcart to bring to your Aby. You know nothing from holding tight to a dollar and saving a penny to a penny like poor people should."

"What do I got from living if I can't have a little beautifulness in my

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life? Shining up the house for Aby is my only pleasure."

"Yah, but it ain't your house. It's the landlord's."

"Don't I live in it? I soak in pleasure from every inch of my kitchen. Why, I could kiss the grand white color on the walls. It lights up my eyes like sunshine in the room."

Her glance traveled from the newly-painted walls to the geranium on the window-sill, and back to her husband's face.

"Jake!" she cried, shaking him, "ain't you got eyes? How can you look on the way it dances, the beautifulness from every corner, and not jump in the air from happiness?"

"I'm only thinking on the money you spent out on the landlord's house. Look only on me! I'm black from worry, but no care lays on your head. It only dreams itself in you how to make yourself for an American and lay in every penny you got on fixing out the house like the rich."

"I'M sick of living like a pig with my nose to the earth, all the time only pinching and scraping for bread and rent. So long my Aby is with America I want to make myself for an American. I could tear the stars out from heaven for my Aby's wish."

Her sunken cheeks were flushed and her eyes glowed with light as she gazed about her.

"When I see myself around the house, how I fixed it up with my own hands, I forget I'm only a nobody. It makes me feel I'm also a person like Mrs. Preston. It lifts me with high thoughts."

"Why didn't you marry yourself to a millionaire? You always want to make yourself like Mrs. Preston who got millions laying in the bank."

"But Mrs. Preston does make me feel that I'm alike with her," returned Hanneh Hayeh proudly. "Don't she talk herself out to me like I was her friend? Mrs. Preston says this war is to give everybody a chance to lift up his head like a person. It is to bring together the people on top who got everything and the people on the bottom who got nothing. She's been telling me about a new word—democracy. It got me on fire. Democracy means that everybody in America is going to be with everybody alike."

"Och! Stop your dreaming out of your head. Close up your mouth from your foolishness. Women got long hair and small brains," he finished, muttering as he went to bed.

At the busy gossiping hour of the following morning, when the butcher shop was crowded with women in dressing sacks and wrappers covered over with shawls, Hannah Hayyeh elbowed her way into the clamorous babel of her neighbors.

"What are you so burning? What are you so flaming?"

"She's always on fire with the wonders of her son."

"The whole world must stop still to listen to what news her son writes to her."

The voice of her neighbors rose from every corner, but Hanneh Hayyeh, deaf to all, projected herself forward.

"What are you pushing yourself so wild? You ain't going to get your meat first. Ain't it, Mr. Sopkin, all got to wait their turn?"

Mr. Sopkin glanced up in the midst of cutting apart a quarter of meat. He wiped his knife on his greasy apron and leaned across the counter.

"Nu? Hanneh Hayyeh?" His ruddy face beamed. "Have you another letter from little Aby in France? What good news have you got to tell us?"

"No—it's not a letter," she retorted, with a gesture of impatience. "The good news is that I got done with the painting of my kitchen—and you all got to come and give a look how it shines in my house like in a palace."

Mr. Sopkin resumed cutting the meat.

"Oi, weh!" clamored Hanneh Hayyeh, with feverish breathlessness. "Stop with your meat already and quick come. The store ain't going to run away from you! It will take only a minute. With one step you are upstairs in my house." She flung out her hands. "And everybody got to come along."

"Do you think I can make a living from looking on the wonders you turn over in your house?" remonstrated the butcher with a twinkle in his eye.

"Making money ain't everything in life. My new-painted kitchen will light up your heart with joy."

Seeing that Mr. Sopkin still made no move, she began to coax and wheedle, woman-fashion. "Oi, weh! Mr. Sopkin! Don't be so mean. Come only. Your customers ain't going to run away from you. If they do, they only got to come back, because you ain't a skinner. You weigh the meat honest."

How could Mr. Sopkin resist such seductive flattery?

"Hanneh Hayyeh!" he laughed. "You're crazy up in the air, but nobody can say 'no' to any thing you take into your head."

He tossed his knife down on the counter. "Everybody!" he called, "let us do her the pleasure and give a look on what she got to show us."

"OI, weh! I ain't got no time," protested one. "I left my baby alone in the house locked in."

"And I left a pot of eating on the stove boiling. It must be all burned away by this time."

"But you all got time to stand around here and chatter like a box of monkeys, for hours," admonished Mr. Sopkin. "This will only take a minute. You know Hanneh Hayyeh. We can't tear ourselves away from her till we do what swills itself in her mind."

Protesting and gesticulating, they all followed Mr. Sopkin as Hanneh Hayyeh led the way. When she opened the door there were exclamations of wonder and joy: "Oi! Oi!" and "Ay! Ay! Takeh! Takeh!"

"Gold is shining from every corner!"

"Like for a holiday!"

"You don't need to light up the gas, so it shines!"

"I wish I could only have it so grand!"

"You ain't got worries on your head, so it lays in your mind to make it so fancy."

Mr. Sopkin stood with mouth open, stunned with wonder at the transformation. Hannah Hayyeh shook him by the sleeve exultantly. "Nu? Why ain't you saying something?"

"Grand ain't the word for it! What a whiteness! And what a cleanness! It tears the eyes out from the head! Such a tenant the landlord ought to give out a medal or let down the rent free. I saw the rooms before and I see them now. What a difference from one house to another."

"Ain't you coming in?" Hanneh Hayyeh besought her neighbors.

"God from the world! To step with our feet on this new painted floor?"

"Shah!" said the butcher, taking off his apron and spreading it on the floor. "You can all give a step on my apron. It's dirty anyhow."

They crowded in on the outspread apron and vied with one another in words of praise.

"MAY you live to see your son married from this kitchen, and may we all be invited to the wedding."

"May you live to eat here take and write on the feasts of your grandchildren."

"May you have the luck to get rich and move from here into your own bought house."

"Amen!" breathed Hanneh Hayyeh. "May we all forget from our worries for rent."

* * * * * *

Mrs. Preston followed with keen delight Hanneh Hayyeh's every movement as she lifted the wash from the basket and spread it on the bed. Hanneh Hayyeh's rough, toil-worn hands lingered lovingly, caressingly over each garment.

"Hannah Hayyeh! You're an artist!" There was reverence in Mrs. Preston's low voice that pierced the other woman's inmost being. "You do my laces and batistes as no one else ever has. It's as if you breathed part of your soul into it."

"Your things got so much fineness. I'm crazy for the feel from them. I do them up so light in my hands like it was thin air I was handling."

Hannah Hayyeh pantomimed as she spoke, and Mrs. Preston, roused from her habitual reserve, put her fine, white hand affectionately over Hanneh Hayyeh's gnarled, roughened ones.

"Oi-i-i-i! Mrs. Preston! You always make me feel so grand!" said Hannah Hayyeh, a mist of tears in her wistful eyes. "When I go away from you I could just sit down and cry. I can't give out in words what it is. It chokes me so—how good you are to me. You ain't at all like a rich lady. You're so plain from the heart. You make the lowest nobody feel he's somebody."

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"The landlord?" she cried excitedly. "What for can it be?" With trembling fingers she tore open the note

"You are not a 'nobody', Hanneh Hayyeh. You are an artist—an artist laundress."

"What mean you, an artist?"

"An artist is so filled with love for the beautiful that he has to express it in some way. You express it in your washing just as a painter paints it in a picture."

"Paint?" exclaimed Hanneh Hayyeh. "If you could only give a look how I painted up my kitchen! It lights up the whole tenement house for blocks around. The grocer and the butcher and all the neighbors were jumping in the air from wonder and joy when they seen how I shined up my house."

"And all in honor of Aby's home-coming?" Mrs. Preston smiled.

"Everything I do is done for my boy." breathed Hanneh Hayyeh, her hands clasping her bosom as if feeling again the throb of his babyhood at her heart. "But this painting was already dreaming itself in my head for years. You remember the time the hot iron fell on my foot, and you came to see me and brought me a red flower-pot wrapped around with green crepe paper? That flower-pot opened up the sky in my

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kitchen." The words surged from the seething soul of her. "Right away I saw before my eyes how I could shine up my kitchen like a parlor by painting the walls and sewing up new curtains for the window. And I said: 'I'll show you what's in me. I'll show you that I know what beautiful is.'"

Her face was aglow with an enthusiasm that made it seem young—like a young girl's face.

"I begged myself by the landlord to paint up my kitchen, but he wouldn't listen to me. So I seen that if I ever hoped to fix up my house, I'd have to spend out my own money. And I began to save a penny to a penny to have for the paint. And when I seen the painters, I always stopped them to ask where and how to buy it so that it should come out the cheapest. By day and by night it burned in me the picture—my kitchen shining all white like yours, till I couldn't rest till I done it."

With all her breeding, with all the restraint of her Anglo-Saxon forbears, Mrs. Preston was strangely shaken by Hanneh Hayyeh's consuming passion for beauty.

"I am eager to see that wonderful kitchen of yours," she said, as Hannah Hayyeh bade her good-bye.

Hanneh Hayyeh walked home, her thoughts in a whirl with the glad anticipation of Mrs. Preston's promised visit. She wondered how she might share the joy of Mrs. Preston's presence with the butcher and all the neighbors. "I'll bake up a strudel cake," she thought to herself. "They will all want to come to get a taste of the cake, and then they'll give a look on Mrs. Preston."

Thus smiling and talking to herself she went about her work. All at once there was a knock at the door. Wiping her soapy hands on the corner of her apron, she hastened to open it.

"Oi! Mr. Landlord! Come only inside," she urged. "I got the rent for you, but I want you to give a look around how I shined up my flat."

The Prince Albert that bound the protruding stomach of Mr. Benjamin Rosenblatt was no tighter than the skin that encased the smooth-shaven face. His mouth was tight. Even the small popping eyes held a tight gleam.

"I got no time. The minutes is money," he said, extending a claw-like hand for the rent.

"But I only want you for a half a minute." And Hanneh Hayyeh dragged the owner of her palace across the threshold.

"Nu? Ain't I good painter? And all this I done while other people were sleeping themselves, after I'd come home from my day's work."

"Very nice," condescended Mr. Benjamin Rosenblatt, with a hasty glance around the room. "You certainly done a good job. But I got to go. Here's your receipt."

Two weeks later, Jake Saffransky and his wife, Hanneh Hayyeh, sat eating their dinner, when the janitor came in with a note.

"From the landlord," he said, handing it to Hanneh Hayyeh, and walked out.

"The landlord?" she cried excitedly. "What for can it be?" With trembling fingers she tore open the note. The slip dropped from her hand. Her face grew livid, her eyes bulged with terror. "Oi, weh!" she exclaimed, as she fell back against the wall.

"Gewalt!" cried her husband, seizing her limp hand. "You look like struck dead."

"Oi-i-i! The murderer! He raised me the rent five dollars a month."

"Good for you! I told you to listen to me. Maybe he thinks we got money laying in the bank when you got so many dollars to give out on paint."

She turned savagely on her husband. "What are you tearing yet my flesh? Such a money-grabber! How could I imagine for myself that so he would thank me for laying in money to paint out his house?"

She seized her shawl, threw it over her head, and rushed to the landlord's office.

"Oi, weh! Mr. Landlord! Where is your heart? How could you raise me my rent when you know my son is yet in France? And even with the extra washing I take in I don't get enough when the eating is so dear?"

"The flat is worth five dollars more," answered Mr. Rosenblatt, impatiently. "I can get another tenant any minute."

"Have pity on me, I beg you! From where can I squeeze out the five dollars more for you?"

"That don't concern me. If you can't pay, somebody else will. I got to look out for myself. In America everybody looks out for himself."

"Is it nothing by you how I painted up your house with my own blood-money?"

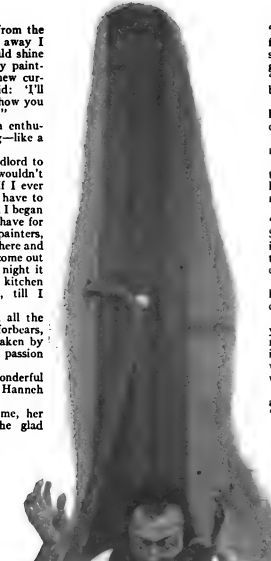
"You didn't do it for me. You done it for yourself," he sneered. "It's nothing to me how the house looks, so long as I get my rent in time. You wanted to have a swell house so you painted it. That's all."

"I beg by your conscience! Think on God!" Hanneh Hayyeh wrung her hands. "Ain't your house worth more to you to have a tenant clean it out and paint it out so beautiful like I done?"

"Certainly," snarled the landlord. "Because the flat is painted new, I can get more money for it. I got no more time for you."

Dazedly Hanneh Hayyeh left the office. A choking dryness contracted her throat as she staggered blindly, gesticulating and talking to herself.

"Oi, weh! The sweat, the money I laid into my flat, and it should all go to the devil. And I should be turned out and leave all my beautifulness. And from where will I get the money for moving? When I begin to break myself up to move, I got to pay out money for the moving man, money for



"In her rage, she seized a flat-iron and Jake heard her hurl it at the slammed door as he fled downstairs"

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putting up new lines, money for new shelves and new hooks, besides the money for the rent. I got to remain where I am. But from where can I get together the five dollars for the robber? Should I go to Moishel Itzek, the pawnbroker, or should I maybe ask Mrs. Preston? No—she wouldn't think I got her for a friend only to help me. Oi, weh! Where should I turn with my bitter heart?"

Mechanically she halted at the butcher shop. Throwing herself on the vacant bench, she buried her face in her shawl and burst out in a loud, heart-piercing wail: "Woe is me! Bitter is me!"

"Hannah Hayyeh! What to you happened?" cried Mr. Sopkin in alarm.

His sympathy unlocked the bottom depths of her misery.

"Oi—i—i! Black is my luck! Dark is for my eyes!".

The butcher and the neighbors pressed close in upon her.

"Gewalt! What is it? Bad news from Aby in France?"

"Oi—i—i! The murderer! The thief! His gall should burst as mine is bursting. His heart should break as mine is breaking! It remains for me nothing but to be thrown out in the gutter. The landlord raised me five dollars a month rent. And he ripped yet my wounds by telling me he raised me the rent because my painted up flat is so much more worth."

"The dogs! The blood-sucking landlords! They are the new czars from America."

"What are you going to do?"

"What should I do? Aby is coming from France any day, and he's got to have a home to come to. I will have to take out from my eating the meat and the milk to save together the extra five dollars."

WITH a gesture of abject despair, she fell prone upon the bench. "Gottuniu! If there is any justice and mercy on this earth then may the landlord be tortured like he is torturing me. May the fires burn him and the waters drown him. May his flesh be torn from him in pieces and his bones be ground in the teeth of the wild dogs."

Two months later a wasted, haggard Hanneh Hayyeh, stood in the kitchen folding Mrs. Preston's wash in her basket, when the janitor—the servant of her oppressor—handed her another note.

"From the landlord," he said, in his toneless voice..

Hanneh Hayyeh paled. She could tell from his smirking sneer that it was a second notice of increased rental.

It grew black before her eyes. She was too stunned to think. Her first instinct was to run to her husband; but she needed sympathy—not nagging. And then, in her darkness, she saw a light—the face of her friend, Mrs. Preston. She rushed to her.

"Oi—friend! The landlord raised me my rent again," she gasped, dashing into the room like a thing hounded by wild beasts.

Mrs. Preston was shocked by Hanneh Hayyeh's distraught appearance. For the first time she noticed the ravages of worry and hunger.

"Hanneh Hayyeh! Try to calm yourself. It is unspeakable the way the landlords are taking advantage of the situation. There must be a way out. We'll fix it up somehow."

"How fix it up?" Hanneh Hayyeh flared.

"We'll see that you get the rent you need." There was reassurance and confidence in Mrs. Preston's tone.

Hanneh Hayyeh's eyes flamed. Too choked for utterance, her breath ceased for a moment.

"I want no charity. You think maybe I came to beg? No—I want justice."

SHE shrank in upon herself as though to ward off the raised whip of her persecutor. "You know how I feel?" Her voice came from the terrified depths of her. "It's as if the landlord pushed me in a corner and said to me: 'I want money or I'll squeeze from you your life!' I have no money, so he takes my life."

"Last time when he raised me my rent I done without meat and without milk. What more can I do without?"

The piercing cry stirred Mrs. Preston as no mere words had done.

"Sometimes I get a nice weak for a piece of meat I could tear the world to pieces. Hunger and bitterness is making a wild animal out of me. I ain't no more the same Hanneh Hayyeh I used to be."

"There used to be a time when poor people could eat cheap things," the toneless voice went on, "but now there ain't no more cheap things. Potatoes—rice—fish—even dry bread is dear. Look on my shoes! And I who used to be so neat with myself. I can't no more have my torn shoes fixed up. A pair of shoes or a little patch is only for millionaires."

"Something must be done," broke in Mrs. Preston, distraught for the first time in her life. "But in the meantime, Hanneh Hayyeh, you must accept this to tide you over." She spoke with finality as she handed her a bill.

Hanneh Hayyeh thrust back the money. "Ain't I hurt enough without you having to hurt me yet with charity? You want to give me hush money to swallow down an unrightness that burns my flesh? I want justice!"

"We can't change the order of things over night," faltered Mrs. Preston, baffled and bewildered by Hanneh Hayyeh's defiance of her proffered aid.

"Change things? There's got to be a change!" cried Hanneh Hayyeh with renewed intensity. "The world as it is got to live in any longer. If only my Aby would get back quick. But, until he comes, I'll fight till all America will have to stop and listen to me. You was always telling me that the lowest nobody got something to give in America, and that's what I got to give to America—the last breath in my body for justice. I'll wake up America from its sleep. I'll go myself to the President with my Aby's soldier picture and ask him was all this war to let loose a bunch of blood-suckers to suck the marrow out from the people?"

"Hanneh Hayyeh!" said Mrs. Preston with feeling. "These laws are far from just, but they are all we have so far. Give us time. We are young. We are still learning. We're doing our best."

Numb with suffering, the woman of the ghetto looked straight into the eyes of Mrs. Preston. "And you, too—you, too, hold by the landlord's side? Oi, I see! Perhaps you too got property out by agents."

A sigh that had in it the resignation of utter hopelessness escaped from her. "Nothing can hurt me no more. And you always stood out to me in my dreams as the angel from love and beautifulness. You always made believe to me that you're only for democracy."

Tears came to Mrs. Preston's eyes, but she made no move to defend herself or reply, and Hanneh Heyyeh walked out in silence.

A few days later the whole block was astir with the news that Hanneh Heyyeh had gone to court to answer her dispossess summons.

Hopeless and dazed, she finally dragged herself to the butcher shop. All made way for her to sit on the bench. She collapsed in a heap.

The butcher produced a bottle of brandy and, hastily filled a small glass, brought it to Hanneh Hayyeh.

"Quick, take it to your lips," he commanded. Weak from lack of food and exhausted by the ordeal of the courtroom, she obeyed like a child.

Tense, breathless, with suppressed curiosity quivering on their lips, the neighbors waited for Hanneh Hayyeh to regain a little strength.

"Nu? What became in the court?"

"What said the judge?"

Hanneh Hayyeh shook her head and began talking to herself in a low, toneless voice. "The judge said the same as Mrs. Preston said: The landlord has the right to raise our rent or put us out."

"Oi, weh! If Hanneh Hayyeh with her fire in her mouth couldn't get her rights, then where are we?"

"To whom should we go? Who more will talk for us now?"

"Our life lays in their hands."

"They can squeeze us muchas they like, nobody cares—nobody hears our cry!"

"Home ain't no more home. The black fear from the landlord hangs like a knife over our necks!"

"Is there no heart in America who'll stand himself up for us and save us from their bloody teeth?"

Out of this babel of voices there flashed across Hanneh Hayyeh's deadened senses the chimera that to her was the one reality of her aspiring soul. "Oi—i—i! My beautiful kitchen!" she sighed as in a dream.

The butcher's face grew red with wrath. "I wouldn't give that robber the satisfaction to leave your grand painted

(*Continued on Page 66*)

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

SOME OF MY

By Chester Wright

It is one of the functions of this magazine to promote a better acquaintanceship among us Americans. These friendly sketches of a few labor leaders are based on long personal knowledge. They touch and suggest the human side of these men—a side little known to those of us who see them only through the newspaper.

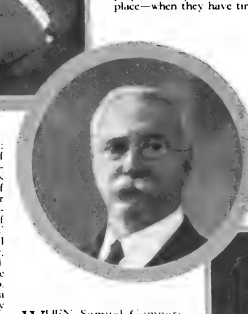
"STRIKE!" says the flaming headline over the latest news from the world of organized labor. Up come visions of rough and tumble, visions of heavy jawed men soaking other men on similarly heavy jaws.

But it isn't so in real life! Too many people carry the impressions of a decade ago about labor men—impressions formed when it was safer to say unfair and untrue things about trade unions and their leaders.

The average trade union leader to-day is a hard-working individual who has been pushed into his job because he had the capacity for it. The average trade union leader could hold a seat in the Senate and make a lot of folks sit up and take notice. The average president or secretary of a national or international trade union is a man of wide knowledge, absolute integrity and courage and possesses the ability to express himself clearly and with force. That's why he got where he is.

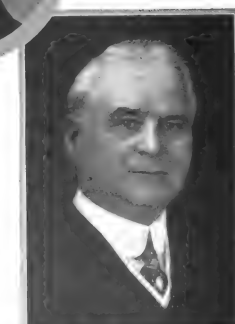
But there's more to these men. They may be burdened with the responsibility of serving anywhere from twenty-five thousand to a half million men but they like fun as well as other people do; they have families and dangle the kiddies around the place—when they have time—and they love a good yarn and can tell one.

A dozen big labor leaders, in an off hour, will form about as merry a group as you'd care to mix with. And because they've plugged through life where life is lived in wholesale consignments, among men who work hard at the fundamentals of life, they know humanity and have in themselves a lot of the very essence of human kindness. Here's a group of the busiest. Introducing to you therefore, without further ado, these friends of mine:



JUST wait until we get this straight: Vice-president of American Federation of Labor, president of International Photo-Engravers, member of Board of Governors of Allied Printing Trades, president of International Labor Press Association for Labor and Democracy, editor of Photo-Engravers' Magazine, assistant editor of American Federationist. Mr. Gompers' representative on the Council of National Defense Advisory Commission and, lately, member of the National War Labor Board. Matthew Woll (above) holds all of those jobs. And they are mostly all real jobs, too. Once in a while, however, Woll finds a chance to pass through his home on the way from one job to the other, said home being in Chicago where there are several little Wolls that are bigger than their dad.

JAMES DUNCAN (in the circle), is as canny a Scot as ever lived. He came over as a boy, became secretary of the Granite Cutters' union in 1881 and has been completely free from official cares for not a single moment since. He's one of the best strategists in the labor movement. Strategy to Jim Duncan however means making an honest and consistent record. He was in at the beginning of the American Federation of Labor and it's a rare treat to sit far into the night while he spins yarns of the old days. When he went to Russia as a member of the Root Mission they billeted him in the quarters of some high nobility which greatly amused this granite cutter. Few men have done more to shape American labor policies than the canny Scotchman.



WHEN Samuel Gompers wanted to nominate a man to be labor member of the War Industries Board, he looked around and called in Hugh Frayne. At the right is taking him away from the job of General Organizer with headquarters in New York.

Frayne believes that the ability to reason was put in human heads to be used and he has reasoned away more labor troubles than almost any other man. But when he can't get an opponent to reason with he will give him the fight of his life—a sympathetic fighter.

Frayne is said to hold New York long-distance champion record. He has chats with Secretary Tumulty, Postmaster Burleson, Secretary Baker, Secretary Lane and that's only the

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LABOR FRIENDS

IF you're rated as a chess player of rather more than the average ability, you might slip into the office of Frank Morrison in the American Federation of Labor Building in Washington some day and coax that broad-shouldered gentleman into a little session with castles and pawns. And the chances are that along about three in the morning, you'll give it up as a bad job.

Morrison is secretary of the Federation. He works behind a desk that is fourteen feet long and about six feet wide. Papers are laid on that big desk according to the accepted rules of the best office practice. It always looks as if Morrison had just shouted, "Attention!" to his long array of reports and neatly-folded documents.

Morrison was born in Canada. He holds an LL.B. degree from Lake Forest University and has credit for post-graduate work there also. His hobby is gardening.

I ONCE asked William Green (above), secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America, what was his chief recreation. "Mowing my lawn," he said.

Back in Ohio, Green served two terms in the state senate. He reckons securing passage of the Ohio Workmen's Compensation Act as his greatest achievement. He put through that same legislature the Mine Run Bill which gave the miners the right to have their coal weighed before it was screened. As hard work, he couples with that job his work in helping to finance and win the fourteen months' strike of 44,000 Eastern Ohio coal diggers.

Senator Green was one of the five American labor men sent to Paris for the Peace Conference. And he was one of the happiest when he got home to the United States.

FEW men study harder than the big trade union leaders. Witness John P. Frey at the left, editor of the International Molders' Journal. He has ancient history at his finger tips. The old time Greeks and Romans are pals of his. He digests facts about stone cutter cats up to date. Not long ago the doctors found something wrong with Frey. They put him in bed and locked him that on back for about six weeks. He looked bad for Frey friends over two months but he had a bed holder rigged up over his head. Reading all the college texts to speak, he went through... courses in ancient architecture. History of French furniture. He read books by the yard and [illegible] room the night [illegible]

JOHN H. WALKER (in the circle), is so busy that it's not easy to think of him forgetting work. But he is full of surprises and one of them is the fact that John Walker loves to play baseball. He also likes hunting, fishing, swimming, music and just plain everyday walking. When you find a man that likes music and that likes to walk a mile willingly, find a man that [illegible] all the others. [illegible] remember [illegible] for this reason he [illegible] during the war. [illegible] Council of Defense. And [illegible] a man that [illegible] Illinois Federation of Labor [illegible] Farmer-Labor Party. [illegible] Walker [illegible] Labor [illegible] Walker [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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To teach intelligent cooking for upbuilding and nourishing of the body is one of the aims of teachers in the Red Cross Flat

The latest idea in apartments is

A RED CROSS FLAT

Have you one in your town?

By Emily Frances Robbins

IT'S a good old world—Bolsheviki and profiteers to the contrary! We are quick to lose faith. When a little corner of human nature aberrates, when some small place on the surface of society festers and goes bad, we howl that the better ideals of all society and the honors of all character are going to the dogs. But let him who finds his mind thus morbidly trending, if he honestly wishes to restore his faith in the good old things of life, if he would know that the general run of people are not seeking merely luxury and show and selfish indulgence but are quietly holding to old-time instincts of unselfishness and a good heart—just let him, for the good of his soul, take a peep-in down at the flat.

It was way over on the lower West Side of New York, by the factories and docks. All I knew about the place was that it was called a "health flat," and had been established by the Red Cross in its effort "to eliminate preventable disease and unnecessary misery from American life." I had a mental picture of medical and surgical things, and people waiting for treatment. The first door in the long narrow hall I reckoned would lead into the parlor. When a cheery voice called, "Come in," and I opened the door, I had a quick shock, for there, instead of the parlor I expected, was a white iron bed, with very white covers pulled high over a long, still, motionless body. In the center of the room stood a woman, evidently in charge, and around her were sitting a number of other women and children all smiling in what seemed strange disharmony with that body on the bed. And it was several seconds, in the confusion of my suddenly quickened heart beats, before it percolated into my brain that the figure was—a dummy!

Gradually it became clear, from the explanations that followed, that I had come not to a place where diseases were treated but to school! And such a human school! It was the morning given over to a class in "Home Dietetics." For pupils, there was a young Italian woman, with her two children aged four and six; an English woman with two small children; a middle-aged woman who said she had had nine children and now has three grandchildren; and another woman "with children grown up and married." The Italian said she had never learned to cook but depended mostly, as did many of her neighbors, on the expensive habit of running to the delicatessen store; she said her mother had let her run out to the movies or anywhere she wished for a good time and so now with two children she did not know how to feed them or how to economize for her husband. The other young mother also had come to learn how to nourish her young children properly. The two older women said they had come to learn something about better cooking and about the feeding of children, that they had never known where to go for the information until the Red Cross opened this flat, in their own district, where they could get instruction in a short course, free of charge, with the same kind of limited kitchen utensils and inexpensive articles of food that they used at home.

These older ones had kept house all their lives and you might guess, from the financial status of people living in such a district, that meat stews, at least, would be things they had made for many years. The Red Cross dietitian announced that this would be a morning of practical demonstration, carrying out theories they had learned in a previous lesson, that she had

Original from

therefore purchased the cheapest obtainable cut of meat and a few vegetables, and would demonstrate to them how to make, with a small quantity of these cheapest ingredients, enough of the best sort of beef stew for a large family.

Now, if she had said that she would concoct "lobster a la Newburgh," or "chicken a la King," I would have thought she had something to teach them—but beef stew!

Believe me, I found that all there is to know about a beef stew would fill a tome! Real beef stew, dear folks, is not that hodge-podge of

Practical nursing at home, the proper care of an emergency case before the doctor arrives, the daily needs of an invalid at home—all is learned at the Red Cross Flat A Day Nursery as shown in the lower picture is established that the mothers may learn the care and the feeding of children

meat and vegetables thrown into a kettle with salt and water as we familiarly know it but carefully seared meat, with the salt put in only at a particular moment when it will not interfere with the extraction of juices, from which is obtained a rich brown gravy with the preserved flavor of delicious expensive steak. It is a combination of vegetables specially sorted and balanced and flaky white dumplings, quickly and easily made. The cooked meat and vegetables are put into the middle of a platter, the dumplings placed around the edge, over all is poured the gravy—that *is* gravy—and presto, instead of a scant pound of tough cheap meat for dinner, you have a large and generous dish of delicious food for a whole big family —food flavored for a king.

And then the climax of the occasion, when the pupils stay to eat their own food! Gathered around the kitchen, in company with their Red Cross teacher, a woman of long experience in her profession at home and abroad, of whose actually superior knowledge they have just seen a demonstration, they find food for the hunger of their souls in her refined and cultured companionship. Behind her back, they expressed it, "She's grand!"

In the afternoon, at the flat, was held the class in "Home Nursing." I will let Mrs. Delahunt, one of the pupils, tell her story:

"I am all alone in the world, except for my sister Lizzie. First, my mother and father died, although neither of them was old at the time. I did not know anything to do for them when they were sick.

"I married and had three children, but my husband died and then my children. Then my other sister took sick, and she died. One by one they have gone, and me helpless, not knowing what to do for any of them. Now all I have left is Lizzie and I am always afraid that she will take sick, too, and I won't know what to do for her. Lizzie works in the publishing business—folding circulars and putting them in envelopes. I stay home and keep the house. Of course our home isn't what it was once, so many things are lost when you move from seven rooms to five, and then to three. During the war Lizzie done well, and saved for two Liberty bonds, but then she was out of work a long time on account of the printer's strike, and as soon as she went back to work again she was called out by another Local. So she had to sell one of her Liberty bonds to get her a set of teeth, and the other one to get her a hat and coat and now, with prices of milk and meat and everything so high, we can't buy the same kinds of food any more. The landlord *claims* he is going to have heat but there's no coal to be seen in the cellar at the present time. That's why I'm always afraid Lizzie will take sick with a cold and I won't know what to do for her. One day I met on the street the lady who takes care of the Red Cross flat and she said to me, 'Mrs. Delahunt, wouldn't you like to know about home nursing?' And I told her I certainly would but that I was too old to go into a hospital. And then she told me to come to the flat.

"I went there and they showed me how to make a bed and how to change the sheets and things with the patient right in bed, how to turn her, and how to get her from the bed to a chair. When my (*Continued on Page 76*)

Old Barker laid a fat hand on the desk. "From to-day on, Willis," he said, "it's up to us!"

DEAD MEN'S SHOES

By Alice Garland Steele

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

ON THE day that old Barker, of Barker, Hughes & Co., took over the Acme Shoe concern, he sent for the auditing clerk, Mr. Willis. Willis, when he got the message, was just clearing up his desk for the night, but he hustled along, still in the old coat he kept for the office, with the pansy that young Pettit had brought in that morning pinned carefully into the buttonhole. I might also add that the breast pocket of that coat held all the worldly possessions which Mr. Willis had acquired in a lifetime of twenty-nine years—a bank book showing a balance of $308.67, two one-hundred-dollar Liberty bonds, and a worn gold watch that had come to him as a legacy from his father, together with a little gray mother and a kid brother. The two latter were not in his pocket. Mr. Willis carried them, with a small bit of the State of Maine, in his heart!

As he passed through the office to the door marked *Private* he stopped whistling. Mr. Willis had been whistling, under his breath, a cheerful fragment of a tune called "Micky," but he had an idea the Boss wouldn't appreciate it. It couldn't be said that Old Barker had a passion for music of any kind, except perhaps the music of the ticker.

Mr. Willis, instinctively straightening, like a soldier about to face a superior officer, walked in. Old Barker did not look up. He was dictating, at the moment, a decidedly curt letter to Miss Warren, the new stenographer, and his lips fed out the crisply-bitten sentences a word at a time. Besides, it was old Barker's policy to keep his employees waiting. He allowed them to hang on his utterances much as he allowed his ponderous watch-chain to hang on the outside of his vest.

"Oh, Willis—just wait a minute, will you? Sit down—don't gape, Willis."

Mr. Willis took the chair reserved for visitors. It was not, to Mr. Willis, an ordinary chair. It had been, too many times in his memory, a seat for the mighty. He had a faint sense of not being worthy, but he swallowed it and paid strict attention to the face of his Chief.

Old Barker's face, to any one else, might have seemed merely the face of a Captain of Industry who had spent a lifetime giving orders, most of them unpleasant, to the drones who worked in his hive. He had the kind of eyes that see mistakes and the kind of chin that won't stand for them. His cheeks were full of small, sagging muscles, but his firm mouth was a straight line. When he looked at you he made you remember a tool chest and any article from a gimlet to an auger, and yet all the time you knew he was good business and mighty as a factor among men. Old Barker was, if you like to put it that way, the salt of the earth, at any rate in the shoe line. Retailers paid his price without question, and the public trudged cheerfully from morn till dewy eve in his shoes. Mr. Willis believed in his heart that, as a firm, Barker, Hughes & Co. put out the finest foot-gear in the world!

"Now then, Willis," Old Barker swung around, facing him, laying one fat hand on the desk edge, "I suppose you've got wind of the thing we closed on this morning?"

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"You mean—the Acme Shoe Co., sir?" The whole thing had stirred Mr. Willis as a big adventure.

"From today on, we run in double harness. I don't care what the public calls us, a corporation or a Leather Trust—we're running double, Willis, and it's up to the original company to show those fools why they weren't meaty enough to go it alone."

"Yes, Mr. Barker." Mr. Willis knew that the Boss was not making a business statement. He was merely thinking out loud the thing that had been in his mind all day.

"All right, Willis. I'm not asking you to guarantee the Company. What I want to get at is the length of time you've been on our payroll. What's your record here—covers a dozen years or so, don't it?"

Mr. Willis put him right. "Fifteen, to be exact, sir."

The big man frowned. "The number don't matter, Willis. Numbers never do matter when they're mere figures. The thing I'm after is what you've got out of 'em. That's the only thing that counts in a shoe house."

Mr. Willis squared his shoulders. "I've gotten a lot out of it, sir, that's worth while."

"Keep away from fancy touches, Willis, and deal out plain facts. You've been through the mill. Haven't you gotten where you are from the bottom up?"

Mr. Willis flushed, but not with shame. "I began as office boy, Mr. Barker." It suddenly seemed too intimate a statement to share with the dark eyes which Miss Warren suddenly lifted from her machine. It was, to Mr. Willis, very tempting, the history of those years when he had been able to send his little gray mother back there in Maine an infinitesimal weekly sum, and with a kid brother coming along, had learned how much it cost to make (and buy) a pair of shoes!

"Hm!" Old Barker seemed, with some instrument from the tool chest, to be taking his measure. "We're making certain changes, Willis, and for a while things in this office are likely to be a bit upset. We're sending Fred McCoy and young Pettit out to the factory, and we're shifting Jarvis to the branch uptown. Well, fact is, I'm taking you off the books."

Mr. Willis kept his eyes on his Chief. The brief thought, "Is he discharging me?" occurred to Mr. Willis for the first time in fifteen years. He had tried to be faithful. He had been faithful! A sudden realization of his own integrity of purpose steadied him. The cheerful light came back into his blue, short-sighted eyes. But he still flushed a little as he remembered that the Chief was discussing a—a personal experience before a lady. To Mr. Willis all the women whom he met at various times in the big office building were ladies, from the scrubwoman up. And Miss Warren certainly qualified. You could have guessed it from the texture of her georgette waist if you missed the arch of her instep!

"We're taking you off the books, Willis, and putting you, for a month or so, in charge of the shipping."

Mr. Willis merely said "Yes, sir," but if you had looked at him closely you would have realized how a candidate feels when he receives the nomination for President! It—it meant that it was up to him to certify every bit of hide that went out stamped with the trade mark of Barker, Hughes and Company, a firm that had been established in a small house facing Boston Common the same year the Minute Men gathered at Lexington, by the great great-grandfather of his present Chief!

"At—him—the rate of salary you are now drawing, Willis," Old Barker stated dryly. He wished his auditing clerk to rest under no false impression but in any case, it was the honor of the thing that got hold of Mr. Willis. It was as if, after fifteen years of honest service, the Chief himself had pinned a medal on his breast!

"I—I shall certainly do my best, sir, to—live up to this new trust."

The Chief's small eyes sent out a tiny spark. We will stretch a point and call it humor. "Don't call it a 'trust', outside the office, Willis." He did not take the trouble to nod. He merely turned back to his desk and drew, with the fat hand that had been off duty, a letter file forward, and Mr. Willis knew it for dismissal.

He caught, as he softly opened the glass door again, a swift upward glance from the dark eyes over the typewriter. They were non-committal eyes and yet, they gave Mr. Willis the disconcerting impression that they, too, were taking his measure. He hadn't any idea what his measure was. You see Mr. Willis was the kind of person who would never take it himself!

As he stepped outside, young Pettit, passing on his way to the coat room, pointed with his thumb. "J. J. Gannon's on from Chicago—he's been howling for you up at the front. Won't do business with Riley, so you better follow up the big lead. What's his idea, anyway? You're only the auditing clerk."

Mr. Willis beamed. "Why, it's just that he's always been friendly, Pettit, about putting his orders across through me."

"Why don't you tell him the truth," growled Pettit, "that this firm is too mean to give a percentage on sales?"

Mr. Willis shook his head. "Don't say a thing like that, Pettit," he said. "You don't mean it."

"Huh, don't I, though!" Young Pettit, jerking at his collar, passed on.

Mr. Willis looked after him. He made up his mind Pettit was up to his neck in work on the new ledger and decided to straighten it up for him by staying late one or two nights himself.

Mr. Willis had grown, by slow and inevitable process, to look upon old Jerry, watchman, as his intimate friend. There was always somebody playing ducks and drakes with the sales-slips, or the open accounts, or the day sheet, and Mr. Willis had a way, when the rest had gone home, of putting the poor worker right. But then, Mr. Willis lived in a down-town boarding house and had no best girl and Jerry could always supply him with a couple of "sand-witches."

And then suddenly it struck Mr. Willis that he was being transferred to the big spaces downstairs where the crates were stacked to the ceiling, to the little back office where Jarvis had held out so long. That he'd have to check off each crate, keep time orders up to the minute, and bear a personal responsibility for every pair of shoes that left the house on the huge auto trucks lined up for his supervision each morning. It did not occur to Mr. Willis that he was going to get less than Jarvis had for the job.

ROUGH-HAIRED SMOKE

By Frank Little Hayes, Jr.

SMOKE was a terrier, ugly as sin:—
Hair that fell over his eyes to his chin;
Stout, shaggy hide that bristled with burrs;
Strong teeth, the dread of the neighborhood curs;
Legs always right-side up in a fight;
Eyes that would glow with a wonderful light;
Tongue that was warm to a gentleman's hand,
Silent in speech that the strong understand;
Faithful as sunrise, as savage as flame;
Steady as starlight, in spite of his name;
Died just today, when the new morning broke.
Life to your memory, shaggy old Smoke!

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Mr. Willis had never put a price on himself, any more than he had taken his own measure.

What he did think of was how his little worn mother would take it, and her pride. Perhaps, after awhile, they would give him a bonus, or something and then he could send his kid brother straight up through some good school to Yale. He meant his kid brother to have some of the things he had missed, and college and law books and a season ticket for the World Series were a few of them. Mr. Willis had stuck at auditing so long, and his Saturday pay-envelope was so slim, that he had not dared to indulge in dreams, but at the minute he was running riot—why, he might be able, if he managed the shipping properly, to have his mother on sometime for a little trip to New York. He had to pull himself up as he noticed, a few feet away, J. J. Gannon impatiently chewing the end of a stubby cigar.

The man from Chicago wasn't after "an order." He came to blow up somebody about a consignment of "Excelsior B's." "I sell 'em to the loggers," he said bluntly, "and I guarantee 'em good stuff, and when they turn out rotten, and let in water like a leaking ship, naturally they turn on me. It ain't right, Willis, to an old customer with a string of retail stores out to the Coast. And I put it to you flat—no more orders till you make good on that last shipment and set me right with the trade."

MR. WILLIS wasn't a man of many words, but something gripped him now. He told J. J. with a certain high price that there must be some mistake that if he paid for "Excelsior B's" of course he got them, and that he'd take the matter up with the Chief—his final sentence had a little choked ring in it—"We'll make whatever is wrong, right, Mr. Gannon—you see, the firm's name is the only kind of guarantee we stand on."

J. J. Gannon grunted in his throat, and flung away his cigar butt. Then his irate face grew milder. "I'm not blaming you, Willis, nor anybody, but I want the thing set right, understand?" His nod, as he stalked away, was cordially kind. But Mr. Willis was a little bit up in the air. He hated anything said against the firm to which he had signed over the best years of his life, a firm, rich in those traditions of honor—why, the great-great-grandfather of the Chief had made shoes for the soldiers at Valley Forge. Mr. Willis felt again that surging pride. They had worn well, those shoes!

Things were certainly happening to Mr. Willis. Fifteen minutes later, with the office cleared of all but McCoy, who had his day-sheet to get up, with old Bailey battening down windows and switching off electric bulbs, Mr. Willis, in the darkened outer corridor, ran into Miss Warren.

She said, "I beg your pardon," but Mr. Willis couldn't let it go at that. He stopped dead short in front of her, and said, "Oh, I say!" You see, what stumped Mr. Willis was the fact that she had been crying. She was in her outdoor costume and was hastily drawing down her veil, tightening it behind with hands that were a bit unsteady.

"I'm not going to lie to you," she said abruptly, "I haven't a headache, and nobody has called me down. And I have a perfect right, outside office hours, to shed tears if I choose over any and everything."

"Honor bright," said Mr. Willis, "I—I don't think you have, you know."

She stared at him, and then, curving her lips slightly, she attempted to pass, "Good night," she said.

"I say," said Mr. Willis, and paused, and then conscious that she was waiting for him to finish, he added hastily, "a—a man may be down you know, but he's never out!"

She was staring at him again, her eyes underneath her veil still bright with tears.

MR. WILLIS felt a sort of desperation. He was bungling and yet if he could only say the right thing! It gives a man a strange feeling to see a woman crying, a girl whom he has seen daily above a typewriter, as cool and —and neat handed as if she were a part of it. "I say," he said, "if it's anything the Chief has said to hurt you—he never means it, you know. He's the best ever and if you only keep quiet when he has a grouch on, it—it is bound to wear off in time," ended Mr. Willis, with a pained look because more tears were brimming over in her eyes.

"I do think," she murmured, "that I have never met anybody like you, and I wish you wouldn't, because—I—I've just gotten to the end of my tether!" she bit her lip, and walked slowly on, with her eyes on the big, swinging door. Mr. Willis, you see, was walking beside her.

"I haven't any right to butt in, have I?" questioned Mr. Willis cheerfully. "But you see, when any decent man sees a woman in tears, well he just naturally wants to put her right again, or—or go and fight somebody!"

She was not looking at him now, but she said something, abruptly, and still in that quivering, slightly unsteady voice, "I wish you'd—invite me out to dinner, you see, part of it is—that I haven't any home, just at present—"

"Oh, I say," said Mr. Willis and took off his glasses and put them on again hastily, while he did a little rapid-fire thinking. "Of course, I'll take you to dinner and of course there are any number of first-rate French music and lights and—and French dishes, but if —if you'll honestly let me prescribe for you, and take you home to my boarding house—I think you'd be cheered up, you know, and amused—" He was flushing in that boyish way he had.

She didn't flush, she turned a shade paler, and then she said, very gently, "I think that's very good of you, and if they won't mind setting an extra place—" Mr. Willis didn't know it, but she was thinking: "No other man in the world would have *dared*—and I couldn't have gone with him if he had!"

"Oh, they're used to setting extra places for me," said Mr. Willis genially, "you see, sometimes I take home young Pettit—he—he lost his mother last winter—or old Mr. Haddon. He lives in a top floor on Fourth Street and has to cook his own meals over a gas jet. It's a kind of change for him and at my boarding place they understand. They make him play the flute after dinner and are so on the square with the dear old duffer he—he has the idea they like it and it does him all kinds of good."

She was smiling now, with that moist brightness still about her eyes.

"But mightn't they object—to a girl? Your landlady, I mean?" She was coloring under her veil.

"Not if she's a nice girl," he said, "no, indeed! You—you mustn't fear anything like that. They wouldn't mind who I brought, really. And the dinners are wonderful, for the price. Home-made bread and chocolate cake and real coffee. Of course there's nothing like that French stuff, but they're jolly people, most of them. There's a little chap there who paints signs for a living. He's lame and—and we're giving him a course, between us, at the Art League. He's in the Life class now. And there's Riley, and Miss Minns—she does eyelet work for a big linen house and monograms at so much a dozen. And there's Tessie—she's a masseuse—" He paused uncertainly. "You wouldn't mind sitting next to a masseuse, would you?"

She shook her head. "You forget—I am a stenographer, myself."

"That's right," he said honestly, "I did, for a minute." And then he explained it, "You see, you're not a bit like the last five that Barker, Hughes & Co. broke in!"

THEY were boarding an uptown car, and as it swung around a curve he put his arm out, quite as a matter of fact, and held off the crowd from her in the aisle. The strange thing about it was that it was the first time Mr. Willis had ever taken a girl out in all his life!

As they got out at one of the side streets and walked toward a row of forlorn but respectable brown stone "fronts," she evidently felt she must explain to him.

"When I said that I had no home," she said hurriedly, "I didn't mean that I was an actual mendicant. I live with a mahogany table and a lamp with a Chinese shade and a few other things but I got to the point of wanting something human. And I spoke to you on impulse."

"Honor bright," said Mr. Willis, "I'm glad you did! You see, I've been in this place quite a number of years and—well, I call them all my friends. They haven't any frills, they're not what you'd call high-brows, but for sheer good nature and human kindness—" Mr. Willis stopped short, evidently at a memory that made speech difficult. "You see," he ended, "I went there when my kid brother was going through a course of typhoid—and they found it out. You ought to have seen the kind of things they did to keep me

"And I dare to tell you that it is up to Barker, Hughes & Co. to hand out a square deal!"

MR. WILLIS, that night, dreamed dreams. They began with the soup, and went straight through dinner to the dessert, which happened to be rice pudding, with an extra portion, if anyone wanted it, twice around!

Just at first, when Mr. Willis appeared in the doorway, there was a moment of hampering silence. They were sizing up the girl with the dark, bright eyes, in the perfectly fitting georgette waist.

Little Miss Minns was the first to capitulate. "Come right in, Mr. Willis," she said, "and introduce your friend!" And Riley, with his mouth full of boiled beef, swallowed hastily and muttered, "Sure. Any friend of Mr. Willis—it goes without sayin'!" And Tessie finished it, "You mean, Sam, the *lady* goes without saying."

The end and beginning were, to Mr. Willis, quite beautiful. He could be, all through dinner, not only proud of these simple folks who could be friendly to a stranger and cheerful after a day of hard work but he was also proud of the way she beat them to it, this girl who had seemed, till to-night, a part of the typing machine she ran daily for his Chief! As he heard her answering their little, intimate questions, without giving a bit of herself away, just as if she had been there a hundred times before, Mr. Willis began to wish there had been one more unbidden guest at the homely table—his little mother in Maine! It was just here that Mr. Willis

from worrying about it. Tessie, that's the masseuse, took a day off and went out in the woods and picked violets and packed 'em in wet cotton and sent them off to Maine, and by Jove, they got there fresh. It got hold of my mother! And Riley—he clerks for the Western Union—got them to send up the telegrams the moment they came in, if—if they were encouraging—" Mr. Willis smiled. "The Chief thought they were dispatches for the firm, orders, you know, and was fearfully sore."

She said something, looking straight ahead of her. "And your brother got well?"

"Yes," said Mr. Willis, "he got well." He said it simply but you could see the visions, law-books and Yale and the rest of it, back in his short-sighted eyes.

Suddenly she stood quite still. "Wait!" she said, and bit her lip as if the thing she was going to say was difficult. "Do you always take people on faith as—you are taking me?"

They were under a street lamp before the particular flight of brown stone steps that Mr. Willis was accustomed to descend every morning. Traffic was heavy on the distant avenue but neither of them seemed to hear it. Her hand was busy again with her veil.

Mr. Willis, looking down at her, smiled. "Why," he said, "as to that, you know, I've learned, right there at Barker, Hughes and Co., that faith in people is good business, and business is—is good faith. It proves itself both ways."

She nodded. "I see," she said but her voice had an unsteady note again. And then impetuously she ran up the steps ahead of him. "Please come," she said, "I want to meet them—Tessie and all the rest!"

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lis really and for the first time in his life began to dream—for himself!

Afterward, when he took her back to the mahogany table and the Chinese lamp, on a street somewhere in the sixties, she told him something more. "I am not going to thank you," she said, "you took me in among them on faith and, well, I've gotten it back. And—and you don't have to understand or ever refer to it again, please—" She put her hand in his with that same impetuous gesture, as if her heart were full now, instead of her eyes—"Good-night, Mr. Willis!"

And Mr. Willis said cheerfully, beaming behind his glasses, "I—hope you'll let it happen to us all again sometime, because now, you see, they'll always think of you as a friend," and then he went home.

THREE weeks later Mr. Willis wrote to his mother.

"*Dear Mother:* They have put me in charge of the shipping. Quite five pegs higher, little Mother, for I pass O. K. every consignment that goes out on the market and to do it conscientiously keeps me pretty busy from nine till six and then some. It's not always easy, for Jarvis, the man that had it before me, spent most of the time reading up the Giants and White Sox in the office and only came out of his cage every so often to do an O. K. in red chalk on a crate edge, and sign over a bill of lading for the goods. Now some of the fellows are kicking because I insist on overhauling each case. But you see, the good name of the firm is behind every O. K. so I mustn't take chances. Besides, we're running another company—so, in two ways, I hold the job in trust.

"Sometime soon, I hope to arrange for you to come on, little gray Mater, you and Carl. There's a girl I want you to meet. She is lovely and I think unhappy about something, but too proud to show it. I think you would do her good. You always were bully at the cheering-up business, and I have had a hope lately that you would be friends. Her name is Miss Warren and she does stenography for the Chief. I forgot to tell you that Adolph has gotten into the Life class at the League. And little Miss Minns has had a raise. I know you'll be glad, because her eyes are giving out and now she'll be able to put some little bob by.

"P. S. I am sending you an extra tenner. I can perfectly well do without it, and I want Carl to have his base-ball togs at the new school."

Mr. Willis, mailing it during his lunch hour, which was exactly twenty minutes long, went back to his little office with a lighter heart. He had wanted to tell his mother about Miss Warren before, but putting it down in black and white was like O. K-ing a crate of goods, he stood for all that was behind it! Mr. Willis knew that his mother would guess out his dream!

Things had been rather difficult that morning. He had been obliged to hold up a shipment of shoes for a company store in a Colorado mining camp, because the bill of lading was wrong. Strangely, it read "Excelsior B," and Mr. Willis, knowing the grade, and remembering J. J. Gannon, took one of the boots in his hand. Finally, flushing a little, he called one of the shipping clerks.

"Look here, Sawyer, this bill is off. This calls for 'Excelsior B's.' "

"That's right, Mr. Willis. I made that bill out myself."

Mr. Willis was still flushing. "Well, this shipment can't go out. You'll have to look the thing up at the factory. Get Ridley to check up the files. I've opened up two crates and they're both seconds."

"Yes, sir, that's all right, Mr. Willis." The man stood there, his legs spread a little, his hat on the back of his head. Plainly he was embarrassed.

Mr. Willis stared back at him. "How do you mean 'all right'? I tell you it's wrong."

"Mr. Willis, I've been here seven months, and we've been shipping this class goods straight along as 'Excelsior B.' "

For one moment, Mr. Willis doubted his own eyesight. Was it failing, like little Miss Minn's? He took up the boot again, holding it to the light, turning up the vamp. Suddenly he drew out of his breast pocket the worn gold watch that had been his father's. It was attached to a thin gold chain, too thin for any kind of use, with a small penknife that Carl had given him at Christmas riveted to the end.

"Now," he said pleasantly, "we'll see, Sawyer. I'll stand for the damages. We can't afford to have Barker, Hughes & Co. make any kind of mistake." He was ripping, as he spoke, at the leather, laying it bare, prying between the layers of the sole. At last he threw it aside and drew a deep breath. "I'm right, Sawyer—they're seconds!"

The clerk stood his ground. "The Chief won't like it, Mr. Willis, I tell you we've been shipping that goods right along."

But Mr. Willis, for the first time in his life, was seeing red. "These goods are not going out under a false stamp, Sawyer—do you understand me? I am in charge of the shipping, and I won't O. K. this consignment." He whirled on his heel. "Here you, men—unload that truck. Dump the goods anywhere, just unload!"

IT took them exactly forty minutes and Mr. Willis stood there, his eyes alight, seeing it done. He felt hot all over, indignant that a firm like Barker, Hughes & Co. couldn't trust its men. When they got through he sent a full report of it over his office telephone to Mr. Hibbard, the superintendent upstairs, and went slowly out to his lunch. He knew it was a rush order, that would take days to set straight. They'd have to refer back to the factory at Lynn.

All the same his heart was lighter when he went back. Two or three of the men were standing about looking sheepish as he nodded to them briefly. Sawyer was in the cage by the freight elevator with his back turned, and suddenly Mr. Willis saw why—a loaded truck was hauled up close to the runway—they were sending the goods out without his O. K.!

He walked in quietly but his lips were a stiffened line. "Sawyer, why have my orders been disobeyed about that consignment?"

The shipping clerk took time to put his pencil behind his ear. "Orders came from the office to go ahead. I was to show 'em to you when you came in.

Mr. Willis glanced at the typed line. "Ship Ex. B.'s at once to C. & C. Co. *as is*." It was signed by the Chief!

Mr. Willis stood quite still. He had grown a shade paler. "And I was to tell you," drawled Sawyer, "that they'd see you in the office, that there was a little matter they'd like you to explain."

Mr. Willis did not change his expression. He merely said, still quietly, "Don't add to it, Sawyer. That's cheap!" A moment later he was ascending to the floors above.

HE made straight for the door marked *Private*. McCoy looked around as he passed and nodded but it was as if, up here where he had pegged along and done his honest best for so many years, he was already forgotten. Someone else, probably a man from the Acme Company, was in his little cage!

He knocked and then went in without preamble. It seemed to him the square thing to do. Old Barker was in his swivel chair, dictating to a girl with her head bent. Mr. Willis stood a moment unnoticed, as if he were already crossed off the books, and then sudden pride made him straighten. His face had a high light on it.

"You sent for me, sir?"

The big man swung around. "Oh, Willis," his tone was flat and dry.

Mr. Willis waited. He stood, tall and steady, by the door, with his eyes on the Chief.

"What do you mean, Willis, by holding up a rush order in the busy season, that is in shape to go through?"

Mr. Willis paused, then he said, briefly, "It was not ready, sir, it lacked my O. K."

Old Barker moistened his lips with his tongue. "Lacked your O. K.! By h—! What is your O. K. worth, if you can't put on what it's needed?"

Mr. Willis lifted his head—"My O. K. sir, is worth a great deal when it has your trade mark behind it and the name of an old and honorable firm."

Old Barker, leaning forward a little, gripped the edge of his rolltop desk. "Look here," he said, "keep away from fancy touches, Willis, I haven't time to waste to-day. It's just this. No one is to interfere with the shipments we send out. You're paid to verify 'em in *our* way, not your own, and if a crate is marked X. Y. Z. you're to send it out as X. Y. Z. goods. Do you understand?"

Mr. Willis did not speak. Something caught at his voice, choking him. He watched a late sunbeam struggle

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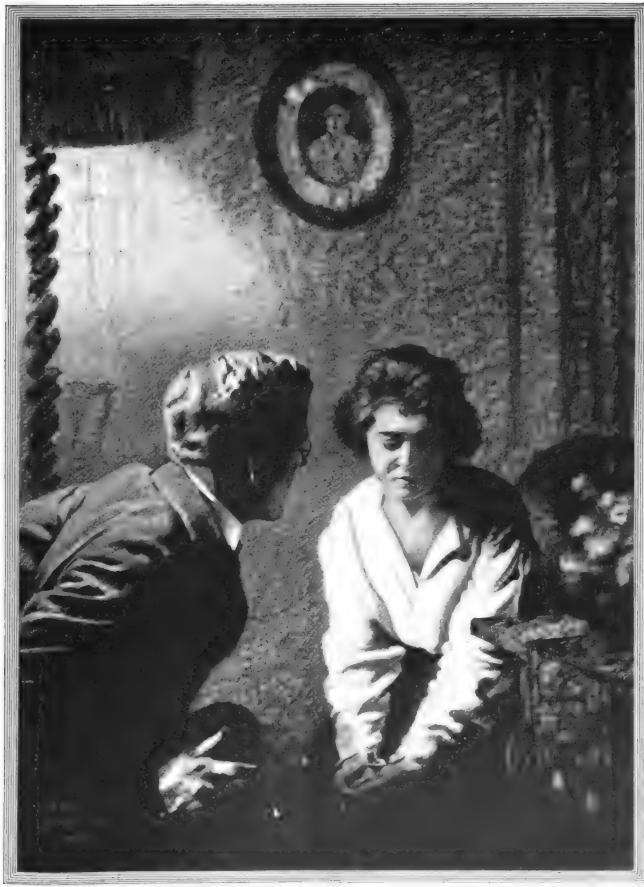

"I have lived all my life," she said hurriedly, "in a world where one does not speak of honor. One is supposed to be born with it"

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through the dust of the window as if it were caught in a net. His soul seemed to be caught in a cobweb of lies.

"Mr. Barker," he was putting it into words now, a little unsteadily, "If I tell you that I opened those crates myself and—and found inferior goods, stamped as first class—"

Old Barker turned. "That's all right," he said, "the company that handles them understands and we understand. You're pretty dense, Willis, but I'll tell you this much; that stamp means a lot to the general public, that's why we put it on, and it's not open to change by a shipping clerk or a manager *pro tem!* Do I make it clear, Willis?"

Mr. Willis bowed. "I am—beginning to understand, sir, for the first time in fifteen years." His face had gone gray. It wasn't, to Mr. Willis, a light thing, to lose a faith.

Old Barker turned back. "That's all, Willis. You've been on our books a long time and we're willing to overlook a first offense. But I tell you plainly—"

"You have already told me plainly, sir, things I did not know."

The light was back again on his face. He was looking at the sunbeam struggling through the dust, as his faith in goodness and honor and a clean record was struggling through the black moment. The girl at the typing machine had stopped working but she did not look around.

Mr. Willis spoke again, haltingly, and yet with a certain dogged steadiness. "You speak, sir, of my long connection with the firm. I would like you to know that tney have been happy years, that I have got things out of it all that are good—" He stopped, and then went on more gently, "and one of them has been a pride in a fine achievement. I—I refer to the shoes, sir, that were worn at Valley Forge by Washington's men. It—it took them a long time to wear out, weary marchings, and days in camp on frozen ground. They were made by your great-great-grandfather, sir, and he made them in the very best way he knew how and—to a man's size. There are men now, Mr. Barker, out in Colorado mining camps, doing their soldierly part, sir, for the industrial life of a nation big with honors and I dare to tell you that it is up to Barker, Hughes & Co. to hand them out as square a deal in leather as your founder handed out to the men in that New Jersey campaign!"

THERE was a moment of sharpened silence. The girl at the machine had dropped her hands. Her lips were curved slightly. She was just a figure relaxed and listening. Mr. Willis still stood by the door. He seemed taller, a little more gaunt, and high lights had centered in his blue eyes. Old Barker, ponderous, sat back in his chair. His jaw was grimmer. Otherwise he gave no sign. "Well," he asked, "have you finished?"

Mr. Willis drew a deep breath.

Old Barker made a gesture with his thumb, "All right," he said, "get out!" and turned back to the papers on his desk.

The sunbeam, tired to death, had retreated. The room had gone gray as Mr. Willis left it.

He went down stairs and got his hat and walked home. It was early yet and the boarding house was empty but he went up to sit on his iron bed and thought out a few things that troubled him. He could send no more weekly cheques to his mother but he would cash in his bank account and only keep out enough to keep him going. He stopped there, confronted with the image of his dreams! Mr. Willis learned in that hour that one calls a beautiful image a dream because it never comes true.

He knew now how far it had gone. He had pictured a tiny house in Jersey, with a garden hose which he could use on Saturday afternoons on fresh little flower beds with trim edges. He had thought of a book case filled with law books that he could still dream over, and that Carl could use when he came on, and he had imagined a mahogany table littered with the kind of work that a woman loves, and perhaps a Chinese lamp with the light falling full on a face that was his chiefest dream of all.

IT had ended in darkness. He got up, trying to think cheerfully that no harm was done, it couldn't possibly be a dream for her, and was thankful in his heart that the big desire of it had never been put into words. And besides, she would probably not have seen those pictures with him, so it was better the way it was. And then he remembered that J. J. Gannon had once told him that he could always come on to Chicago and get a berth somewhere along that string of stores! He went over and washed his hands and felt humbly grateful that he had learned, at least, out of all the wisdom that lay in the world, to wash his hands. And then he wrote a line to J. J. Gannon and afterwards, as it was growing late, he went down to the big room below and told them, coming in one by one, the thing he had done to himself.

He didn't tell it all, or know it all! Young Pettit, coming along, quite up in the air, told him the rest.

"You certainly did start up a blowout. The Chief is as black as thunder. I was coming along with some blanketyblanks to be signed and there was that Warren girl standing up to him, braced against the door; with her hat on, and her gloves, and her vanity bag on the floor between them—"there is all the money I have earned here," she said, "in full—and thank you, I will not need any carfare. If you will allow me to phone for my father's automobile." She gave a number and while she was telling us things about you, it slowed up and honked from the sidewalk. She said, "I came into your business world when women were at a premium because—my brother and—and the kind of boys this country loves and believes in had gone across to keep the universe going—with the help of God! You made a place for me and turned me into a machine and I have tried to do a machine's part. I found, more or less, that you were all machines, all except one man, who stood tall and true and gave you his honorable duty. He was the only man among you who had a kind word for the scrubwoman, and who kept off his hat and stood as if he meant it when they played the "Star Spangled Banner" out in the street. He was the only man who could keep on smiling when he was dog tired and spend his evenings helping to straighten out somebody else's mistakes—and now you turn him out! Did you think for one moment I would not take his part and go too? It—it is all I can do!"

She ended it that way!" said young Pettit. "She ended it by leaving her bag at old Barker's feet and just going out!"

Mr. Willis had fixed his eyes upon the window. "That was fine of her," he said gently, "just fine, Jack."

Young Pettit laughed back in his throat. "Huh. She won't miss the money, anyway. And Warren's not her name. She used it in a society stunt, till the war made her dead serious. She's Archibald's daughter, you know, Archibald, of the Mercantile Trust. And she's engaged to that fat-head, that society duck, who pretends he's a Captain of Industry, R. B. Latimer—you know, he made that punk speech at the United Trades' dinner!"

But Mr. Willis seemed not to hear. Or was it that as the dream got farther and farther away from his simple and workaday life, it grew brighter, a thing to lighten a darkening way?

IT wasn't until the next morning, when her little note came to him at the shabby breakfast table, that his soul bowed within him at realization of her generosity and goodness—she wrote:

"I want you to come and see me if you can, this morning. I am going to take up another kind of work, play through mornings with little blind babies, in a big institution down town. But I wanted to tell you some news. And I would like you to meet my father. The best thing I can say of him is that I think he is your kind of man,

Sincerely,
Helen Warren Archibald."

Waiting for her in the room with the Chinese lamp, he blessed her again in his heart. It wasn't the fact that she had thrown down a position she did not need. It was the fact that she had recognized what made him, in his poverty and lowliness, do it himself. It was the fine tradition of honor among men, the belief that there was a best for humanity to turn out to its fellows, the certainty that the biggest thing one soul could do for another was to keep the faith—to follow apostles and saints and martyrs! (*Continued on Page 70*)

Original from

One fine June morning, Billy Brad thought he would not go to school. He thought he would work in his garden

BILLY BRAD—the FREE and EQUAL

Even at the age of six—he encounters some of the laws of democracy

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs"

Illustrated by J. R. Shaver

WHEN Billy Brad was six years old, one of the things of which he was proudest was his garden, because it was his very own garden and he had hoed it and raked it and planted it himself and all the vegetables in it were growing nicely. Often, in the afternoon, he took Uncle Peter Henry's hand and led Uncle Peter Henry to the garden, so that he might see it.

It was not a large garden. It was one of forty or fifty gardens in a single vacant lot near the schoolhouse and each garden was about the size of a large tablecloth. Each garden had a large stake at each corner and a small stick at the head of each row of beans or radishes or beets, and on each stick was the empty seed envelope, with the picture of beans or radishes or beets in gay colors.

All the children who farmed these little farms were proud of their own and each child was eager to have every seed become a strong, healthy plant and produce fine vegetables and, at recess and after school, they hoed and pulled weeds and watered their little farms with great eagerness. Each wanted to grow the best vegetables.

Thus it happened that one fine June morning Billy Brad thought he would not go to school. He thought he would work in his garden and pull every weed and water every plant and make his garden as neat and tidy as it could possibly be.

So he did just that. He played truant and he did not go to school. He went to the garden lot and worked in his garden. He worked for almost an hour but it seemed much longer than that because he was all alone in the garden lot, with no one else working there. By ten o'clock, he was quite sure it must be noon and ten minutes later he was quite positive it must be noon and, five minutes later, although he saw no children going home from school, he was absolutely certain it was noon and that he must have been mistaken in the day; that this day must be Saturday.

Billy Brad dropped the watering can he had been using and started for home. He was so sure he would be late for luncheon that he took the shortest cut and ran across the garden lot without caring where he put his feet. He ran right across the little farms, stepping on the rows of radishes and beets and peas, and suddenly a loud voice said:

"Hey, you! What are you doing? Come out of there!"

Billy Brad stopped short. On the sidewalk stood the truant officer in his blue uniform, with his silver badge on the coat, and the truant officer was looking very cross and provoked.

"Come out of there now!" shouted the truant officer and Billy Brad walked toward him. He was a badly frightened Billy Brad.

"What do you mean, ruining those gardens?" the truant officer asked. "Don't you know any better? Where were you going?"

"I was going home," Billy Brad said. "I was working in my garden, and I was through working in my garden, and I was going home."

"Oh, ho!" said the truant officer. "So you have one of those gardens! Then you go to school, do you? Then why are you not in school? Tell me that!"

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Billy Brad did not know what to say, he was so badly frightened.

"Playing truant, are you?" said the truant officer unpleasantly. "Playing truant and tramping down the other kids' gardens, are you? Well, I guess you'd better come along with me this time! What's your name?"

It was at that moment Uncle Peter Henry came around the corner and saw Billy Brad and the truant officer. He hurried up and asked the truant officer all about it.

"I'm sorry to hear such things about William Bradley, Junior, Mr. Truant Officer," Uncle Peter Henry said, "But I think this time you can leave Billy Brad to me, in view of the—ah—extreme youth of the culprit and his former good behavior. He has no past record of crime, I imagine?"

"Well, no, sir," said the truant officer, grinning. "This is his first offense, so far as I know. Take him along with you, and see that he ruins no more gardens and plays truant no more. Good day to you!"

Uncle Peter Henry looked at Billy Brad through his big spectacles with the tortoise-shell rims and then he looked at the garden lot across which the deep prints of Billy Brad's feet made an ugly track.

"You came straight across all the gardens, didn't you, Billy Brad?" Uncle Peter Henry asked. "Why did you?"

"I was going home," Billy Brad said. "I wanted to go home quick! It was quicker that way, Uncle Peter Henry."

"I see!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "You are a free American and you go where you please; is that it? Freedom is a great word, Billy Brad; we Americans believe in freedom. Those wise old forefathers who made America a nation told us we should always have freedom. Freedom and equality—that was what they fought for, Billy Brad. Can you remember that?"

"Yes, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad.

"Why did you not go to school to-day?" Uncle Peter Henry asked.

"I—I wanted to work in my garden," said Billy Brad. "I—I wanted to pull out the weeds. And hoe it! And sprinkle some water on it!"

"I see!" Uncle Peter Henry said. "But why are not the other little boys and girls working in their gardens this morning?"

"They—they're in school," said Billy Brad. "They had to go to school. It's Friday."

"Oh, yes!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "It is Friday and so they have to go to school. Let me see—in this state the law says all children must go to school, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Billy Brad meekly.

"All children except Billy Brad; is that it?" asked Uncle Peter Henry.

"No, sir," said Billy Brad, still more meekly, "I have to go to school too."

"Is—it—possible!" exclaimed Uncle Peter Henry, as if surprised to hear it. "Is—it—possible! Can it be that the Constitution of the United States guarantees everyone freedom and equality, and still Billy Brad has to go to school whether he wants to or does not want to? Can it be that 'freedom' is the great word in this nation and still Billy Brad cannot do as he pleases?"

"I don't know," said Billy Brad.

"I ask you," said Uncle Peter Henry, setting his tortoise-shell glasses more firmly on his nose, and looking at Billy Brad severely, "if it can be possible that the truant officer can arrest you and take you back to school when you don't want to go? Can it be possible that—if your parents don't care whether you go to school or not, and you play truant every day—the government can take you and put you in a school where you will have to stay? Can this be possible, Billy Brad, in a land of freedom and equality?"

"Yes, sir," said Billy Brad doubtfully. "Or, anyway, Uncle Peter Henry, there was a boy in our school, and—and——"

"They took him!" Uncle Peter Henry finished. "They took him and sent him to a school where he had to learn his lessons. Billy Brad, do you know what would happen if all the boys and all the girls and all the men and all the women walked wherever they pleased—all over this garden lot, for example?"

"They—they would spoil all the gardens," said Billy Brad promptly. "They would spoil everybody's gardens."

"And if everyone lived exactly as they pleased?" asked Uncle Peter Henry. "If Mr. Smith shot Mr. Brown's cow when he wanted meat, and Mr. Green stole Mrs. Murphy's chickens when he wanted poultry, and Mr. Brown burned down your father's house when he wanted to be warm? What then, Billy Brad?"

"Why—why——" said Billy Brad.

"Exactly!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "You say it would spoil everything for everybody. Every

"Come out of there, now!" shouted the truant officer. And a badly frightened Billy Brad walked towards him

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"I think this time you can leave Billy Brad to me," said Uncle Peter Henry. "He has no past record of crime, I imagine?"

life would be spoiled. It would be a terrible world to live in. Is that it? Is that what you say?"

"Yes sir," said Billy Brad softly.

"But," said Uncle Peter Henry, "if everyone did exactly as he pleased, everyone would be free, wouldn't he? And if everyone had the right to do exactly as he pleased all would be equal, wouldn't they?"

"Yes, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad, "but——"

"But the big boys could walk over your garden; and you could not stop them, while they could pound you and kill you if you tried to walk on their gardens; is that it? You would not be free and you would not be equal, if you were as free and equal as all that, would you?"

"No, sir," said Billy Brad, quite sure, this time, he was saying the right thing, because now he understood what Uncle Peter Henry meant.

"Well," asked Uncle Peter Henry, "why don't the big boys spoil your garden? Why don't Mr. Smith shoot Mr. Brown's cow? Why don't Mr. Brown burn your father's house?"

"The policemen would arrest them, wouldn't they?" asked Billy Brad timidly.

"What right have the policemen to do that?" Uncle Peter Henry asked.

"Why—why—because it's against the law to spoil my garden," said Billy Brad.

"And the law protects you," said Uncle Peter Henry. "It protects you and me and Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown and Mrs. Murphy and your father and everyone. It says you must go to school but it says everybody must go to school. It says I must not steal but it says no one may steal. Equality, Billy Brad, means that it is the duty of one and all to obey the same law. Can you say that? Say it: *Equality; the duty of one and all to obey the same law!*"

"*Equality; the duty of one and all to obey the same law!*" repeated Billy Brad.

"And freedom," said Uncle Peter Henry, "does not mean that any one may do as he pleases, injuring every other person. Freedom, in America, means that no one person can tell me what to do. No king can order me about; no baron can take my property; no sultan can take my wife. I do not have to obey any king or baron or sultan. Freedom is the right to obey only the law. Can you say that, Billy Brad? Say it: *Freedom; the right to obey only the law.*"

"*Freedom; the right to obey only the law,*" Billy Brad repeated. "But Uncle Peter Henry—", he said.

"Yes, Billy Brad."

"But I have to obey—the truant officer, too, don't I?"

Uncle Peter Henry laughed

"No; you don't have to obey the truant officer," he said.

"But I do have to," Billy Brad insisted.

"No, Billy Brad," Uncle Peter Henry said, "you have to obey the law and nothing but the law, and I have to obey the law and nothing but the law."

"But the truant officer arrested me," said Billy Brad.

"Why?" asked Uncle Peter Henry, and Billy Brad did not answer.

"Because you had not obeyed the law and were not in school, and because you had not obeyed the law and were spoiling the school gardens. Billy Brad, you may be too young yet to understand it fully but this is the land of the greatest freedom and the greatest equality to be found in the world. No man has to obey any other man. I do not have to 'obey' the President of the United States, or the Governor of New York, or the Mayor, or the Judge, or the Policeman or any other man; I need obey only the law and, if I do obey the law, no President or Governor or Mayor or Policeman can order me to do any other thing. So I am free. And the laws I must obey all others must obey, so we are all equal. And the laws I must obey and that others must obey are made by us who must obey them (or by those we ask to make them for us, which is the same thing) and that is democracy. And, Billy Brad, in a world that is yearly and daily and hourly becoming more and more crowded, a democracy, with all men and women free and equal under the law, is the only form of government sanely possible. (*Continued on Page 78*)

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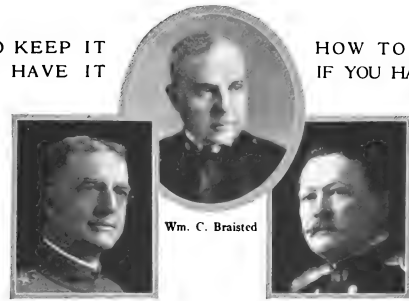
H E A L T H

HOW TO KEEP IT
IF YOU HAVE IT

HOW TO GET IT
IF YOU HAVEN'T IT



Merritte W. Ireland — Wm. C. Braisted — Rupert Blue

A Department Conducted by

Merritte W. Ireland, *Surgeon-General U. S. Army;* Wm. C. Braisted, *Surgeon-General U. S. Navy;* Rupert Blue, *Surgeon-General U. S. Public Health*

WHEN THE BILL COMES IN

Do you say, "It does not hurt me," when you disobey one of Nature's laws of health? So have said many men in their time. Here are the stories of their experiences.

THE RECKONING

WHETHER it is the use of alcohol, or over-eating, or lack of proper rest, or any other unhygienic habit by which Nature is injured, no ill effects may be apparent, but sometime, somehow, Nature demands restitution.

As an example of how the debt may accumulate without giving any evidence of its existence, take the case of a young man who applied for life insurance and who was accustomed to drinking two glasses of beer, or a glass of whiskey each day. He declared that the habit had never done him any harm, and when the doctor examined him, it was found that what he said was apparently true. He seemed in the best of health, and so he was given a policy. His case was then tabulated with thousands of exactly similar cases among the policyholders of forty-three American life insurance companies—all men with the same history as regards the use of alcohol. The mortality of this group was investigated, and it was found to be 18 per cent. in excess of the mortality of policyholders in general, including non-drinkers!

> NATURE is your most merciless creditor If you are faithful and strictly observe the requirements she insists upon she will reward you with a sweet and healthy existence, whereas if you disobey her rules of hygiene, you may not realize that you are paying any price therefor, but—beware!

Or, the case of another young man, not of the kind that drinks a little every day, but one who indulged in an occasional "spree." He also applied for insurance, was examined, and pronounced healthy. He, also, was given a policy, and then was tabulated with thousands of others with a like history as regards alcohol. The mortality of this group of "healthy" men, addicted to an occasional "spree," turned out to be 50 per cent. in excess of insured lives in general. This represented an average of four years which Nature had stealthily chopped off the lifetime of every man in the group on account of their use of alcohol.

Or, still a third man, who had drunk more than either of the other fellows, but was still "healthy" according to the insurance medical examiner, and was accepted as a standard risk. When he was classified with thousands of others of his own kind of alcoholic history, it was found that their mortality was 86 per cent. in excess of that of insured non-drinkers!

Thus Dame Nature had demanded heavy tolls from men who thought they were getting by without paying any price for their association with that notorious vampire, alcohol.

YOUR WEIGHT

At the age of thirty, a man 5 feet and 6 inches tall should weigh about 144 pounds; 5 feet, 8 inches, 152 pounds; 5 feet, 10 inches, 161 pounds. In other words, for each additional inch, add 4 or 5 pounds.

At the age of thirty, a woman 5 feet and 4 inches tall should weigh about 127 pounds. For every added inch, she should weigh 3 or 4 pounds more. If she is 5 feet and 10 inches, for instance, she should weigh about 154 pounds.

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THE BROAD SHOULDERS OF THE WEATHER

A CERTAIN man said he had a "cold in his stomach." He ascribed his troubles to "the weather."

He had distress after eating, which sometimes amounted to real pain. His tongue was coated and he complained of a bad taste in his mouth. He was greatly annoyed with eructations of gas; there was a marked distention of his intestines; he had frequent headaches, sometimes his head "swam around," and nearly all the time he was out of sorts and depressed. These are a few of the symptoms of that "cold in the stomach," for which he blamed the gusty month of March.

But, curiously, he still had his trouble in the month of April!

Speaking of chronic gastritis, the symptoms of which our friend was displaying, Dr. William Osler ascribes the condition, not to the weather, but to some of the following habits: The persistent use of very fat substances, of foods containing too much carbohydrate; or to the use of excessive quantities of hot bread, hot cakes, and pie; or to too much tea and coffee; or to alcohol; or to irregular eating and imperfect chewing.

THE "INTELLECTUAL"

HE was an artist. He hated exercise, and the out-of-doors, and he boasted of it. Evidently he felt that a physically languid, hot-house existence intensified the emotional and imaginative side of his nature. He was proud of the fact that he never took a walk for his health, and never bored himself with those common *bourgeois* pastimes of swimming, and jumping around after a ball, in pursuit of "stupid health."

He was pale, as were all really "intellectual" people, so he had observed. He combed his hair back high from his pale forehead, which accentuated his idea of how intellectual he looked. And he smoked innumerable cigarettes, which also helped.

And then one day, he was abruptly taken with a severe chill, he developed a terrible headache and pain. A friend found him in this condition, suspected pneumonia, and called a doctor, whereupon the pale young artist was whisked away to the hospital, where he lost his pallor and lay flushed and tossing with fever.

And then it was that the amount of "intellectuality" which the young artist had displayed in the regulation of his living habits became manifest, for it was found that his habits of indoor inactivity had so weakened his body, and in particular his lungs, that his chances of living through such a crisis were hanging on a very thin thread.

He got by, he is still alive, though a little paler, as his lung affection has now developed into a definite case of tuberculosis. There are, however, no particular signs of increased intellectuality. His living habits are still bad, in spite of his serious experience, and in spite of the plainly-worded riot acts which the doctor read to him about how nearly his life had been ended by a lack of fresh air and daily outdoor use of the muscles of the body.

THE WAITER WHO STOOD ON HIS FEET

HE stood on his feet nearly all day, as his work required, and it was because of this fact, he said, that his feet pained him badly. By the time he got home at night and mounted the stairs to his room at the top of a lodging house, he was creeping like an old man. He believed he was simply over-tired and over-worked.

He toed out. He did so markedly. The falling of his arches had elongated his feet, and when he paddled about with his long feet diverging outwards, there were very unkind people who laughed and referred to his pedal extremities as "boats."

One day he waited on a man who followed him closely with his eyes as he walked back and forth from the table to the kitchen with the characteristic wooden hitch of the flat-footed individual. The waiter became self-conscious, but said nothing; he was somewhat accustomed to having people notice his feet. Then, to his surprise, the man spoke to him about them.

The man was a doctor and, in particular, one who had made a brilliant record in the army—where the subject of feet is of prime importance. He asked the waiter what he did for his trouble and heard the usual recital of a long trial with many types of shoes and various kinds of arch supporters. Then the doctor gave the waiter a little bit of simple information, for lack of which he had been suffering long years, ignorance of Nature's laws unfortunately exempting no one from her penalties.

The doctor told the flat-footed waiter to stop toeing out. He explained that he should toe straight ahead in public but that when he got home he should take off his shoes, throw away his arch supports, put on some kind of soft slippers without heels, and walk around on the extreme outside edge of his feet while he toed radically inward as far as he could. This exercise, the doctor explained, would strengthen the muscles of the feet and tend to restore the arches to their normal condition.

The pleasant climax to the story is, of course, that the waiter lived happily ever after!

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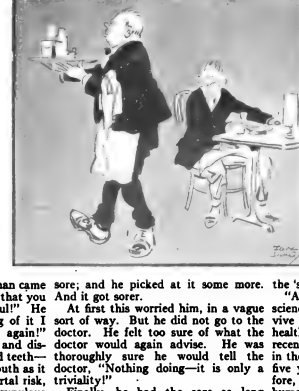
THE RISK HE RAN



He was walking along a narrow muddy street of the ancient city of Toul, in France. It was before the armistice was signed, when cannons and tractors and heavily loaded trucks were still rattling by on their way to the Front. He wore khaki and, although he was less than thirty years old, he was a "veteran." This was evidenced by the fact that on his breast was pinned the emblem of America's greatest military honor, the "Distinguished Service Cross."

An American Red Cross woman came along and said, "How splendid that you have this medal, how wonderful!" He said, "Yes, but in the getting of it I took an awful risk. Never again!" And, as he said it, he smiled and displayed a row of badly neglected teeth—little realizing that with his mouth as it was, he was daily taking a mortal risk, by barboring a cruel and unscrupulous germ enemy.

The conversation continued. It developed that the soldier was one of the patients of the great hospital on the hill, that he had been taken there for threatened appendicitis; had been treated; was temporarily at least out of his trouble; and was soon returning to duty. Notwithstanding the army's usually strict supervision of such matters, this fellow, in the rush of the great drives, had somehow going by without having his teeth put in a sanitary condition, and he was apparently still unaware of the fact that many cases of appendicitis are traced to germs that come from just such neglected teeth and gums.

A TRIVIALITY

He had a peculiar wart or birthmark on his chest. It was rather an ugly, unusual looking thing. When he was in swimming and other men remarked about it, he always laughed it off as his "beauty spot." Once, during a medical examination, a doctor had told him it should be removed, lest it give him trouble in later life. It happened that the doctor was a surgeon. For that reason, the man with the "beauty spot" took the attitude that all surgeons are over-zealous to carve you, and did nothing about it. Why should he distress himself, he said, for such a triviality?

Meantime, he was forever picking at the thing. It was a habit. He could not seem to let it alone. One day it got a little sore; and he picked at it some more. And it got sorer.

At first this worried him, in a vague sort of way. But he did not go to the doctor. He felt too sure of what the doctor would again advise. He was thoroughly sure he would tell the doctor, "Nothing doing—it is only a triviality!"

Finally, he had the sore so long he got accustomed to it and it ceased to worry him. One can get accustomed to almost anything. Then, suddenly, the "beauty spot" took a radical change for the worse. And then he had to go and face an awful fact. He had cancer.

Busy doctors in general practice complain that once or twice a month someone is sure to come to them with a malignant growth resulting from just such a "triviality." Some little place like a wart, or a birthmark, or some little sore, even one like that formed on the nose or behind the ear from the irritation of spectacles, may have been ignored until a malignancy of slow development has attacked it. There is a room in one of the New York hospitals suffering from cancer of the jaw from the mere "triviality" of a sore on his gum caused by a defective bridge.

Just as from very small seeds some of our mightiest trees develop, so from some of the so-called "trivialities"—which might so easily be taken care of in their early stages—do some of our worst malignant diseases develop, baffling science and terminating fatally.

THE ART OF BEING MIDDLE AGED

"Being middle aged is not only a new experience to the men and women who are reaching that time of life," says Dr. William J. Mayo. "It is a new experience to the human race."

"Three hundred years ago, the average length of human life was only twenty years. In those days, communicable diseases were so rampant—plague, for instance, and small pox, yellow fever, typhoid, and so forth—that most people died young. Poets and philosophers might well have written about the 'sorrows of youth.'"

"Advances in medical and sanitary science have enabled mankind to survive the early years and to pass on, in health, to middle life. It is only very recently that the average length of life in the United States has reached forty-five years. Being forty-five is, therefore, quite a new adventure to the human race.

"We do not find it, however, all that joy might wish. We discover that it is a period of life sorely afflicted with illness. Having struggled through youth and fought its diseases, meeting with success, we find that middle age is still a struggle. Often we hear a man, upon being congratulated for something, deprecate his position by calling attention to the fact that at the same time he is middle aged—that is, something not to be envied—something already inferior, a condition to humble any man. When I was a boy, it was difficult for a man over forty to find a new job and, for a man of fifty or over, if was practically impossible. Writers ever speak about the 'joys of youth' and 'sorrows of old age.' Youth is likened to the spring, whereas in middle and later life spring has vanished with the rose and the nightingale has left the bough.

"And yet, every man who has come to middle life knows that he has arrived at his greatest capacity for work, enjoyment and happiness. His real appreciation of things seems only then to have dawned upon him. He wonders how he could have been so unseeing, so lacking in understanding, in youth.

Often enough it is only at middle age that he gets the twist of business success. 'If only I had done this twenty years ago,' is a very frequently expressed regret. In a profession, he has only just become established. In an art he is getting his best insight. His appreciation of living is at its highest, and there is no reason why middle age should not be the happiest time of his life."

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A HUNDRED MILLION NEIGHBORS

By William G. Shepherd

A Business of Sixty Millions was transacted at the great Nizhni Novgorod fair last year despite the chaotic conditions in Russia

FOR the past four years our picture of Russia has been a mosaic of murder, of famine and revolution. Have you never wondered, however, about the great mass of people in that country who are not connected with any political movement? How have they been able to support life amid such intolerable conditions? How have they been able to secure food and clothing, to keep their families together and retain any hope in the future? In this article Mr. Shepherd gives the extremely interesting explanation. It will make you pause a moment the next time you begin to speak of Russia, for it reveals one of the most remarkable instances yet recorded of simple faith and goodwill between man and man.

TODAY, out of the blackness and mystery of Russia comes the word that Russia is living not by government nor by politics nor by statesmanship but by simple, good-hearted neighborliness. Neighborliness is the strongest power in Russia today. It is a great steel curtain against which Bolshevism has beaten in vain. Every other institution in Russia has gone down before Bolshevism, but neighborliness has only grown stronger by opposition. The Russians live by it. The black-jowled madmen who have tried to rule the land have dared to lay their red hands on everything they have found in Russia—except neighborliness. That, they dare not touch; and that, if the wonderful thing that is happening in Russia today will but continue, is sure, in the end, to bring the tyrants of Russia low.

This neighborliness in Russia, by which scores of millions of Russian men, women and children survive today and are able to look forward toward the future with hope, is no vague creation of morality or ethics. It is a very tangible thing that can be measured by figures, and put down in account books as so many kopecs and rubles; or it can be taken to a bank and turned into silver and gold or to the market and turned into flour and meat.

Of Russia's one hundred and eighty millions, one hundred million people have no real government for themselves today, except that of neighborliness; and the other eighty millions would have turned their backs upon civilization and be on the return trip toward barbarism if it were not for the neighborliness of the hundred million.

Moreover, this neighborliness of Russia has been organized. And it has been organized with an efficiency that kills forever the story that the Russian is not systematic and amenable to organization. One almost dares to say that there was nothing finer and more effective in America's quick organization for war than there has been in the organization of Russian neighbors, during the past three years. That country, right under the noses of the helpless Bolshevik leaders, is becoming a neighborhood where men live not by the help of government but by the help of each other.

It takes a magnificent people from which to build such a structure of neighborliness as is growing up in Russia today. They must be a people with common sense; the common sense that comes from contact with the realities of life, not from reading vast quantities of misinformation and half-told facts. They must be a strong people—millions of these Russians have come up through centuries of oppression. They must be a patient people—these Russians have been patient for centuries. They must be workers—these Russians, in better days, produced such a wealth of food and minerals that they were able to supply not only their own millions but helped greatly to keep the rest of the world going.

All of the facts about the new growth of neighborliness in Russia are available to any person who wishes to investigate the unprecedented progress of the Co-operative societies in Russia. But I was not satisfied with figures alone. On the face of them they overwhelmingly prove that the Russians are today being drawn together in one great and helpful organization that defies its bad govern-

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Sorting and preparing wool for making felt, in the great warehouse of the Irkutsk branch of the Russian Co-operative Union

ment and all its red evils and that promises, in time, to push that government aside as a voiceless, useless and withered thing. I sought some one who could measure the great new movement in Russia in terms of human nature, and Alexander Zelenko, one of the Russian Co-operatives here, told me more about the story of the Co-operative movement in Russia than all the figures I had been able to gather. He is well known in American and English Co-operative circles. He is an engineer with an enviable reputation both here and in Russia. He is one of the world's experts on the affairs of Co-operatives. Otherwise, as the outside world which knows so little about Russia might say, he is only a Russian.

But, more than all these things, he is one of the most convincing missionaries that ever came to us from anywhere; he is a missionary of the creed of neighborliness.

When I expressed surprise at the growth of the Co-operative movement in Russia and the new strength which it was displaying against the elements of destruction in that land, he took me back into Russian history to show me that there was nothing new in it. Neighborliness has played a great part in Russian life for centuries; it only needed to be organized to make it a great power.

"Organized neighborliness in Russia goes back a thousand years," he told me. "The first trace we have of it in Russian history is in the great forests and on the bleak sea-coasts. Whenever a group of men in a village decided to go into the forest to cut wood they would first meet and organize what they called an *artel*. This *artel* would elect a foreman and would apportion not only the work but the proceeds of the work to each member. The fishermen on the seacoasts would elect a fishing *artel*, choosing their own skipper and deciding on how the profits were to be divided. No one knows how this *artel* system was started; it grew up among the people, like a folk-song or a tradition, but our earliest known history finds the *artel* system as much a part of the life of the people as their religion or their homes. It appeared first in the hazardous callings but soon it crept into agricultural life. Every year when the men in the north would leave their villages and march down into the south to help reap the great harvests, they would first organize an *artel* for the trip. This *artel* would leave the village and go away for the summer and all the affairs of the village would be conducted by the women; you might even see a woman policeman and a woman mayor in such a village, when the men were gone. The carpenters in a town would organize themselves into an *artel*. This *artel* would take contracts for work and apportion out the work to its various members. As time went on, Russian village life was practically conducted by *artels*. The members of a family might belong to several *artels*. Grandfather, in all likelihood, would be a member of the village *artel* of beekeepers during the summer and, in the winter, of the *artel* of toy carvers. The father of the household might belong to an *artel* of carpenters or of flax-growers or wood cutters. His wife might belong to an *artel* of weavers or fowl raisers or egg-gatherers. The sons and daughters of the family might belong to any one or more of several *artels*. *Artel* affairs in such a household would be subjects of common discussion. Meetings of the various *artels*, conducted in true parliamentary form, would be commonplace affairs among these peasants, whose inability to read or write would not prevent them from conducting such meetings and the affairs of the *artel* in thorough business fashion.

"In Russian museums, you can see roughly notched sticks, hundreds of years old, which were the records of the *artels* made in a time when no one in a village could read or write. The accounts of all the members of such *artels* were kept on such sticks, showing the amount of work done and the amount paid to each member.

"Every Russian took the *artel* system for granted like he took the air or the sun or the wind. It was the Russian way of doing things. No Russian government ever thought of interfering with *artel* affairs. The *artel* was a system so deeply ingrained in Russian life that the government no more thought of breaking up the system than it did of forcing the peasants to stop all work. It never occurred to any government

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that there might be a menace in the *artel* system until a certain nobleman in Russia, thinking that even greater benefits might grow out of the folk-system, if it were properly organized, introduced the Co-operative system in Russia, based on the organization and the work of the *artels*.

"This was in the '60's. Up to then there had been no central organization of *artels*. The *artel* system had been purely local. But this nobleman worked out a plan whereby the *artels* in every village should organize not only for production but also for consumption; for savings and for farm credits.

"His first Co-operative Society was formed in 1865 but the Czar's government saw something sinister in the movement and discouraged it in a most active manner. In thirty years the societies grew to number only about 350. The government did not attempt to disrupt the *artels* but it did oppose their organization under a central directing power.

"The war, however, ended the government's opposition to the unionization of these *artels*. The Co-operative movement flamed forth all over Russia. It fed and clothed the people; it helped greatly to feed and clothe the army. It spread to the great factories.

"The overthrow of the Czar found the movement going like wild fire all over the country. The overthrow of the Czar really gave the Co-operatives their greatest opportunity to prove their lasting value. In the villages, after all other economic systems had failed to keep Russian economic life going, the Co-operatives saw to it that the *artels* of peasants got their raw materials for home work, for carving, weaving and tool-making; they saw that the *artels* of farmers got their seeds and their scythes and farming implements. When a peasant, who had worked for long days and nights in his home, carving or making tools, brought these to the local bureau of the Co-operatives, the bureau advanced him eighty per cent. of their value and gave him the remainder, minus a percentage for the expenses of handling, after the wares had been sold. Farmers were given advances on their crops by the Co-operatives. Money was loaned to farmers to improve their lands. Co-operative stores in the villages were kept supplied with the things most needed by the peasants, and the peasants, seeing the value of the Co-operative movement, became active members of the local Co-operative Society. Whole neighborhoods, both as individuals and as *artels*, joined the Co-operative movement.

"Home manufacturing in Russia is more extensive than anywhere else on earth. Factory life was confined to the great cities. A vast proportion of all the manufactured products used by Russians is made in the homes. In the midst of tumult and revolution, the Co-operative movement has saved home industry in Russia. The Co-operatives stepped in at a time when it seemed as if even home industry must go by the boards because of the economic chaos, and, by encouraging the peasants, giving them advance payments on their products and supplying them with raw materials, has not only kept home industry going but has tremendously increased it.

"And, by doing this, the Co-operative movement has developed into a tremendous power and influence in Russian life within the past two years. The greater the chaos became, the greater and stronger became the Co-operatives, because the people kept turning to them, more and more, as other agencies failed.

"Two-thirds of the people of Russia today belong to Co-operative societies. And the other third patronizes the Co-operative stores and in other ways shares in the benefits.

"The Central bank of the Co-operatives is the Moscow Narodny bank. It has been nationalized by the Soviet government, but, with all its vast wealth, it has split into two parts, without injury to the movement. One part functions in Soviet Russia and the other in non-Soviet districts. This bank, with its branches, is always ready to lend money to a new Co-operative society and to furnish credit to members of Co-operative societies.

"The great central organization of the Co-operatives, whether consumers or producers or distributors, is a central congress which today represents over 100,000,000 Russians, who have banded

Inside the Co-operative Union shoe factory which the Irkutsk branch is running at top speed, even under the present confused conditions

together to help each other in the struggle for existence.

"The Co-operative idea has fired the Russian masses with new hope and a new loyalty. Railroad men, who were members of the Co-operative societies, kept the railroads going many times when their only reason for doing so was loyalty to their fellow Co-operatives. Order grows out of chaos when the Co-operative exerts its influence in a Russian town.

"The latest development among the Co-operatives is toward education. Schools have been established to teach Co-operativism. Co-operative theatres, libraries and many other Co-operative public institutions are rising in Russia. The Co-operative movement is spreading as rapidly in Soviet Russia as elsewhere. There is nothing political about it. It is an organization of the people, by the people, for the people."

Any American could have seen the growth of the Co-operative movement in Russia, as I did, during the dark days after the Czar's overthrow. All of the interpreters I had, during almost a year, were members of some new Co-operative society and obtained their clothes and much of their food through Co-operative channels. In Petrograd and Moscow, in those days, parlor talk was about the Co-operative movement, much as our parlor talk in America today has to do with the solution of the problem of high costs. One of the causes for the tremendous depletion of population in the great cities after Bolshevik starvation processes were well under way was the help which Co-operatives gave to their members to leave the gloomy, hopeless cities and go into the country towns.

The spirit of organized neighborliness and self-help swept over Russia like a cyclone. The darker the future, the stronger the wave; the less they could look to their mad government for help, the more the Russian folk began to look to themselves, until today the power of their movement is incredibly great and gives an answer to the world's question: "How can the Russian people live?"

Even the children of Russia are today organizing Co-operatives. In the village of Ilsk, in the district of Kuban, 150 children in a school, following the lead of their daddies, started a society to cut down the price of school supplies and, incidentally, to make money for themselves. They started a store in which slates, books, pencils, paper, ink and all other school supplies, purchased at wholesale rates from a central Co-operative bureau, were on sale. Before long the adults of the town, attracted by the low prices in the school store, bought their stationery supplies there and, at the end of the first year, the children, of their own free will, set aside their profits—about thirty dollars—in a fund to which they gave the puzzling name, "The Children For The Children." Out of this fund they gave some money to orphans of soldiers, intimating that, if the old folks couldn't take care of the children the children would have to take care of each other. At last reports, the Ilsk school co-operative had been admitted to the general union of Co-operative societies.

There are reports of scores of these children's co-operatives in Russia. In the business college at Tomsk, the students got together and decided that, while they were learning typewriting and bookkeeping and other items of business technique, they ought also to learn the elements of Co-operation. A Co-operative store was started, in which all the students took part and, at the end of a year, the ninety members donated their net profits to orphans of soldiers.

A school teacher at Cirnatkovsk, noticing a few of his pupils "playing store" during recess one day, got them to organize a Co-operative Society. At the end of the first year, 1918, each child in the school took out thirty cents profit and this after having bought, throughout the year, all of his or her school supplies, as well as candy, below cost.

Twenty kopecs apiece was the sum that school children in the town of Uman put into their Co-operative Society, which originated entirely among themselves. After four months they found they had tripled their money. They declared a dividend of 14 kopecs apiece and gave the rest to soldiers' orphans in their town.

In one school in the heart of Siberia last June there was a hot fight in a Co-operative Society of school children. Two hundred pupils met to consider what to do with their earnings, 84 rubles. One proposition was to divide it outright among the members. Another was to give a big party. The third was to organize a "Children for the children society" and give the money to that (*Continued on Page 74*)

The All-Russian Central Union of Consumers carries on a nation-wide candy business. This is a scene in one of its caramel-wrapping rooms

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THE MARCH OF THE RED CROSS

A continued story of accomplishment; the new force in American affairs and how it is beginning its work at home; Red Cross Service and its meaning to our communities.

THREE things occurred simultaneously the other day. The last one hundred and ninety-nine members of the American Expeditionary Force landed in New York harbor and were greeted by the Red Cross on the dock; the government at Washington announced the withdrawal of the army and the Red Cross from Siberia; and a threatening epidemic of influenza broke out without warning in the cities along the Atlantic Seaboard, notably New York, calling forth all the efforts of the public health authorities and the active units of every Red Cross branch in the metropolitan district, making necessary the zoning of the city, the establishment of supply centers and the enrollment of workers.

The conjunction of the three events illustrates admirably the change in direction of the whole Red Cross machine in the last fifteen months. From a strictly war machine, devoted to the sole purpose of helping win the war it has gradually swung around until today one by one foreign fields of effort are being gradually left behind and its aim and endeavor are here at home.

THE Red Cross has not allowed its heart to run away with its head. It has realized from the beginning that it could not alleviate the distress of all the world. It has stayed in Siberia all these months principally because the army has stayed, meanwhile endeavoring to be of the utmost assistance to every human being within the scope of its operations, whether Russian, American, Czechoslovak or Japanese. For all these months it has waged a desperate fight against typhus and smallpox, all the way from Omsk to Vladivostok, trying to help in every possible way with hospital supplies, trains and hundreds of workers. The full story is one of exceeding heroism. And yet all along the Red Cross has known that the day would have to come when it must leave. That day has come with the departure of the American army. Not until some time in March will the evacuation be complete. Meanwhile, however, most of the Red Cross workers are rapidly joining the army in Vladivostok. From Irkutsk and the towns along the Siberian railway they are coming eastward. They are not simply abandoning their work. Instead, they are doing everything possible to preserve for the Russian people the usefulness of the operations in which they have been engaged. The hospitals established at Irkutsk and Verkhneudinsk are being turned over to the Siberian authorities, and the Russian Red Cross is being left in charge with as many supplies as circumstances allow. The children's colony on Russian Island is being maintained until proper arrangements can be made, as is the supply service to hospitals in Vladivostok. At this writing, Red Cross volunteers are being recruited in Vladivostok to remain there and direct not only that work, but the distribution to civilian refugees of the three million dollars worth of supplies on hand. By April, nevertheless, the Red Cross will have left Siberia. It is the end of the Asian adventure.

THE landing of the last members of the American Expeditionary Force in New York from France calls attention to the fact, too, that the Red Cross forces which remain in Europe are more in the nature of a rear-guard than any main effort. It is a rear-guard busy with rather more than usually diversified work, even considering the emergency nature of Red Cross work generally. In the last month, for instance, the job has varied from collecting Polish refugees behind the Bolshevik lines in Russia and bringing them into Poland, to aiding thirty thousand Italians in Mediterranean seaports to return to this country, which they left to fight in the world war.

In Serbia, moving pictures showing the Serbians how to fight tuberculosis, malaria, smallpox, typhus and cholera have been touring the country as a "follow-up" to the Red Cross poster campaign for health started some time ago in the Balkans. At every hamlet last month the peasants were coming

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Chinese children preparing a Junior Red Cross celebration for Lincoln's birthday with dances in national costume, in Public School No. 8, New York City. How many Red Cross buttons can you count?

from dozens of miles around to see these pictures. Many of the mountaineers, their wives and children, had never seen moving pictures before the Red Cross started this part of its educational campaign.

To Poland, a stream of Red Cross shipments of women's coats, boys' coats and all kinds of children's wear have been going to relieve the destitute people in that country. These are needed for the emaciated and ill-clad refugees brought through the Bolshevik lines on the Red Cross relief trains. The largest number yet brought through was recorded the other day when the train disgorged twelve hundred wretched souls in the station at Warsaw.

PROBABLY the busiest force of all at the present moment is the Baltic Commission with its bases at Riga and Reval. There, actual warfare is still in progress and the Red Cross is actively engaged — at a twenty-hour schedule clip!—in furnishing supplies to twelve hospitals; in treating at the dressing stations the civilians injured during the bombardments, and doing practically all the emergency work. At the present writing, three steamships are on the ocean carrying over seven thousand tons of hospital supplies to those cities. The rear-guard *is* a busy affair!

AND yet it is all only the last scene of the world war drama so far as the Red Cross is concerned. A few months, and the curtain will have fallen on the European adventure also. The governments and the League of Red Cross Societies will be in charge of all those things formerly the aim of our own Red Cross acting alone. America will be the main scene of Red Cross effort—an effort by Americans for Americans, in America.

What will that effort be?

Well, roughly, it might be called something like "Americanism."

Speaking from a national viewpoint, the Red Cross consists of about thirty-seven hundred chapters, and twenty-five million adult and junior members. Its first duty, of course, is to our army and navy, in peace as in war. This means that it must look after about one hundred and twenty thousand men in the navy, with nineteen thousand marines in addition. In the army, above two hundred thousand will be in its keeping. Added are approximately fourteen thousand sick and wounded boys in the fourteen military hospitals of the United States, who are receiving and will continue to receive all the service the Red Cross can give them. They are naturally the peculiar responsibility of the national organization.

BUT from a social viewpoint, the case is quite different. Everywhere in the country, at the moment, the Red Cross is either uniting with other organizations to help achieve those things which all have at heart, or it is guiding other different agencies to unite under its leadership, or it is taking the field itself when no other course is left open. The lines along which the effort has gone so far include a great variety of things: the many kinds of health education in which American communities are interested; the preparedness measures for both disasters and epidemics; the many and varied social service activities which have been included in the term "Home Service"; the work among the children by the Juniors; the different kinds of first aid instructions and the many other kindred subjects. Takenall together, they show quite clearly that the Red Cross effort is rapidly becoming a distinctly local community effort, advised and guided by a

(*Continued on page 72*)

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A School House in a Factory

(*Continued from Page 10*)

informally for all sorts of purposes and it is natural to go there to talk things over, if that is what is needed.

What I mean can possibly be illustrated by a meeting that I saw last December. The management was not satisfied. The question of production was troubling them. Here, as everywhere, after-war production had slowed up. Here, as everywhere, the after-war morale of the worker was low. The confusion of the sudden change from making war material to the old business of the concern, altering machinery, rearranging rooms, shifting positions, all of this had caused confusion, delay and general disorganization. Comparison of the output of 1919 with that of 1914 and 1915 was made and it did not look good to the management. Something had to be done. Here was what went on in the School House in this case: Five or six hundred superintendents and foremen were called together and the situation put bluntly and squarely to them, man to man fashion.

"Something is the matter with our production. Wages are better; conditions are better; hours are shorter; but we produced less this year, 1919, than we did in 1915. What is the reason? We have some idea, but you, being closer to the task, must know more. Let every man in this room give us his ideas. Write them out," said the speaker, the head of the manufacturing department, "and I will answer the question to the best of my ability. If I can't answer it, I will take it up in our directors' meeting. What we want is to get down to the bottom of the difficulty and we want your help in doing it."

THERE was no time lost. The answers came firing in, tumbling over one another, short and to the point, questions that challenged the management, one department after another, the man at the machine, the hours, the profit-sharing scheme, the wages; challenged everything, the economic system, the federal administration included; indeed, they reached all over the upheaved world.

Many challenged the statement that production had fallen off and brought out point after point to show that it should have been qualified by this or that consideration, and more than one point the chairman admitted to be well taken. They demanded to have it proved to them, these five hundred or more men, that there were not reasons that would be satisfactory to the management itself, for the falling off in production. I learned more in 40 minutes about the running of the factory and the intricate problems involved than I could have done in many days of casual observation.

They challenged the worker. He had a fear of doing too much, feared his piece-rate would be cut; and here came a violent declaration from the chairman that if he found anybody cutting a piece-rate there would be a change in that foreman and if any worker had any reason to suppose that his piece-rate would be cut, it was for him to come straight to the head of his department and put in his proof.

THE hour was up. There was still a grist of questions to be read. One felt the thing had only been started. The President of the Company announced that the meetings would continue to go on until the questions raised had been thrashed out. They did go on for ten consecutive days, 500 executives, heads of departments, supervisors, foremen and job foremen devoting two hours a day to finding out what was the matter.

Hundreds of questions were sent in. It was not long before it was obvious that the great bulk of them were directed at what those who asked them thought to be weak places in their neighbor's armor. Each man found something wrong, not with himself, but with somebody else. Through the first three or four days the whole body was worked up into a frenzy of criticism, and then a wave of humorous appreciation of the fact that each man was looking outside of himself seems to have struck them and somebody suggested a banner to be put up over the platform, a banner bearing the slogan, "SAME OLD STUFF."

They began to see and to say to one another: "These are the same old troubles, same old problems, and the only way we can handle them is to stop blaming other people, put more heart into our work and co-operate. This return to good sense was immediately followed by a grist of helpful, constructive suggestions and a new banner took the place of the old one. It read: "THE TIDE HAS TURNED."

Now anyone will agree, I think, that the directing body had been taken in, had had a fair man to man chance to discuss the matters which were troubling the factory; but there still remained the 6,000 or so of the rank and file. The problem now was to say to John Jones at his machine: "What do *you* think about these matters?" "What is your opinion of the profit-sharing scheme?" "How does this new idea about hours, or piece-work rate, or what not, seem to you?"—to say that to him and to get his answer back as frankly as the answers had been coming back from the 500 men in the directing body. After all, here is the most difficult and delicate of all our industrial perplexities and the one which has the greatest need of being straightened out.

The management did not shirk it, because they knew that what had been going on in the School House was getting over to John Jones and his fellows. These 500 superintendents, foremen and job foremen were spending their working hours, it should be remembered, among the 6,000, one to every 15 of them. Ninety per cent of them had come out of the ranks of the workers. They were holding places which 90% of those at the machines would some day in the future be holding. Most of them had the habit of communicating with these men and women whose work they were directing. They were their neighbors. They travelled back and forth from home to factory in the same cars. Inevitably what had been going on in the ten days' discussion was filtering out through the body of workers. But the management was after something more direct than that and so, at the end of the tenth day of discussion, they sent out through the factory this notice:

"We will continue to hold meetings until a satisfactory solution has been reached for the problems of wages, hours, profit-sharing, piece-work rate, etc. It will take some time and we need the co-operation of every man and woman in our organization to do it."

THE announcement that they would call in men from the rank and file was immediately acted on. They began with departments, and followed the procedure they had used with the directing body. Whether they are getting as frank a response as they did from that body, I am not able to say as I have not had the opportunity of attending any of the meetings. It would be surprising if they did for the men and women concerned have not had the exultation in expressing themselves that the directing body has had. But this should be remembered as in favor of the undertaking: these men and women have the habit of using the School House. They are often called upon to give opinions there or to make a request for a song. Almost every week somebody comes out of the rank and file in the School House to sing a song or to give some kind of a public performance. This very familiarity with the place will make discussion easier. But whether the N. C. R. reaches at once the result it seeks is of far less importance than the fact that it has seen the possibility of this institution it has for so long been building up and is eagerly seeking to take advantage of it. It is one of those things which in any case is "all to the good."

The Little Red School House, as I said before, has made this nation. In industry the application of its principles is both practical and promising. There is no end to the good it may do in an industrial body; above all, is it useful as a forum for the exchange of ideas and the solution of the problems—human and mechanical—which are new every day in a great factory.

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The Lost Beautifulness

(*Continued from Page 39*)

house," he said, turning to Hanneh Hayyeh. "I'd smash down everthing for spite. You got nothing to lose. Such a murderer! I would learn him a lesson! 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth!' "

With unseeing eyes she rose and blindly made her way to her house.

As she entered her flat she encountered her husband hurrying in.

"Oi, weh! Oi, weh!" he whined. "I was always telling you your bad end. Everybody is already pointing their fingers on me! And all because you, meshugeneh yideneh, a starved beggerin, talked in into your head that you got to have for yourself a white-painted kitchen alike to Mrs. Preston. Now, you'll remember to listen to your husband. Now, when you'll be laying in the street to shame and to laughter for the whole world."

"Out! Out from my sight! Out from my house!" shrieked Hanneh Hayyeh. In her rage she seized a flat-iron, and Jake heard her hurl it at the slammed door as he fled downstairs.

IT was the last night before the eviction. Hanneh Hayyeh gazed about her kitchen with tear-glazed eyes. "Someone who got nothing but only money will come in here and get the pleasure from all this beautifulness that cost me the blood from my heart. Is this already America? What for was my Aby fighting? Was it then only a dream—all these millions people from all lands and from all times, wishing and hoping and praying that America is? Did I wake myself from my dreaming to see myself back in the black times of Russia under the Czar?"

Her eager, beauty-loving face became distorted with hate. "No—the landlord ain't going to get the best from me! I'll learn him a lesson. 'An eye for an eye'—".

With savage fury she seized the chopping axe and began to scratch down the paint, breaking the plaster on the walls. She tore up the floor boards. She unscrewed the gas jets, turned on the gas full force, so as to blacken the white-painted ceiling. The night through she raged with the frenzy of destruction.

Utterly spent, she flung herself on the lounge, but she could not close her eyes. Her nerves quivered. Her body ached, and she felt her soul ache there—inside her—like a thing killed that could not die.

THE first grayness of dawn filtered through the air-shaft window of the kitchen. She looked at her dish-closet, once precious, that she had scratched and defaced; the uprooted geranium box on the window sill; the marred walls. It was unbearable, all this waste and desolation that stared at her. "Can it be I who done all this?" she asked herself. "What devil got boiling in me?"

What had she gained by her rage for vengeance? She had thought to spite the landlord, but it was her own soul she had killed. These walls that stared at her in their ruin were not just walls. They were animate—they throbbed with the pulse of her own flesh. For every inch of the broken plaster there was a scar on her heart. She had destroyed that which had taken her so many years of prayer and longing to build up. But this demolished beauty, like her own soul, though killed, still quivered and ached with the unstilled pain of life. "Oi, weh!" she moaned, swaying to and fro. So much lost beautifulness——so much lost beautifulness!

* * * * *

For hours she sat so, her head in her hands, silent, motionless, a lost figure in the ruins of her life. "Oi, weh!" The Hanneh Hayyeh of old was gone—just a broken, desolate, half-mad woman left in her place. Aby, Jake, the "beautifulness"—all were forgotten, all overwhelmed in the tragedy that had engulfed her.

Hanneh Hayyeh did not even hear the shattered door pushed open. She did not even hear the eager footsteps as they crossed the floor to her. It was the voice that brought her back, the happy, strong voice.

"Ma! Ma, dear! What is it? It's me! It's Aby! I've come back. I'm here with you again. Look at me, mother."

BY now he was down on his knees beside her, and the strong, soldier arms were about her. For an instant she stared at him, dully with unseeing eyes. Then his head was upon her breast and there broke from her lips a great cry of joy. Hanneh Hayyeh was herself again.

"Aby! My life! My heart," she cried. "My only joy—light from my eyes—"

She kissed the curling black hair, the dear face, the brown hands, in such a gust of mother-passion that the boy could only look at her in loving wonderment.

Then she arose and strode away from him—on the left shoulder the golden Statue of Liberty—the wound stripe—the service bars—the medal that his country—her country—had given him.

"Aby, my son," she said at last, pointing to the havoc around them. "Woe is me! What did I done? Why didn't I better wait and think of you instead of trying to get even with the landlord? The robber raised me the rent and—"

"You don't have to tell me nothing, ma, dear." He patted her. "I know what you were up against. But look only on me? I'm stronger now than I ever was, and I'll get my job back."

From a uniform pocket he drew a fold of bills. "See, ma," he said. "I got my back pay—it's all yours—"

Flinging herself into his open arms, she cried happily through her tears. "Thank the Highest One! So long as I got you back—together we'll yet build over the lost beautifulness."

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Brunswick Again Brings a New Idea to Music Lovers

First came The Ultona which introduced an all-record phonograph. Then the Brunswick Tone Amplifier which brought better tone. NOW Brunswick Records, interpreted by great directors.

The Ultona

In all the history of phonographic art there are no chapters more interesting than those allotted to Brunswick.

It rested with this old-time house to introduce the Brunswick Method of Reproduction and the advancements it provides.

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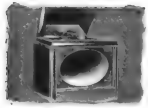

The Brunswick Tone Amplifier

Experts in acoustics have long agreed that better reproduction could come only with a new-type reproducer and a different way of amplifying the sound waves. That was the urge which made the House of Brunswick discover the Ultona and the Brunswick Tone Amplifier.

Of the major phonographs, The Brunswick was the first to play *all records* correctly. This is accomplished by the Ultona, a simple, multi-record reproducer which presents to each make of record, at the turn of the hand, the proper diaphragm and needle. This was a tremendous step forward.

Then came the Brunswick Tone Amplifier—built entirely of wood, like a violin. We avoid the use of metal which, having no elasticity, prevents the sound waves from expanding properly. Thus, we overcame old-time harshness.

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And NOW Brunswick Records

We are introducing, after years of preparation, Brunswick Discs. They, too, are unlike any you have known before. They bring a new principle in phonographic recording. Each is interpreted by a noted director. Thus, we unite the talent of the artist with the genius of the composer. This is a step which you will appreciate once you make comparisons.

Brunswick Records

Brunswick Phonographs and Brunswick Records are found throughout the country at leading dealers.

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Tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs few cents at any drug store

The Magic of Youth

(*Continued from Page 25*)

"And you have the mortgage, Uncle?"

"Eight per cent."

"The widow's husband was killed in the war, wasn't he?"

"Damn! Shot at Bull Run."

No more was said but Bess understood only too well that the grandmother was now slaving to pay the eight per cent.

BESS was busier than ever during the next few days. In answer to the questions of those she invited, she replied with a laugh.

"Why, it's nothing but a sociable! Just the kind you used to go to up there. Uncle thought it would be jolly to renew old times."

So it happened that on Friday night the old mansion on the hill came to life again. Every window glowed with a kindly welcome in the frosty night and strangers passing by gazed wistfully at it. Within, all was bright with candles and crackling fires and clusters of autumn leaves. The big room had been cleared of everything except the long tables which were loaded with pop corn, apples, nuts, cold meats, dainty slices of bread and huge pitchers of sweet cider.

Bess came in to give a final inspection and found the Squire standing with his back to the open fire. For the twentieth time she fixed his black silk tie and kissed him.

"'Bout time for some of 'em to get here, ain't it?" he asked.

"Before long, Uncle."

She glanced at the clock and then went into the front room to peer out the window down the village street. She was a trifle uneasy. But she returned and busied herself about the tables.

"They do look pretty," said the Squire, "But suppose you've got 'nuff? You asked a lot, didn't you?"

"Everyone in the village, most."

The old clock's hands relentlessly covered another hour. The Squire had seated himself where he could watch it.

"Mebbe they won't come 't all," he suggested.

"Of course they'll come," she answered.

But to herself, she murmured. "If they shouldn't! It would be a cruel revenge!"

The thought once expressed, haunted her. She returned to glance out the window at the vacant street and then back again at the big room looking now, in its holiday dress and with the absence of guests, almost funereal. The old man rested his head in his hands wearily.

"Couldn't blame 'em none," he muttered, "I've been mean, I reckon. But of they had come—"

The girl raised her head.

"What's that?" she asked.

IN the distance, she heard the boom, boom, boom of a big drum. As they listened, the tap of a snare drum and the squeak of a fife was borne to their ears. Roden rose to his feet with a grin.

"I'm durned if that don't sound like the Canbury Fife and Drum Corps. I ain't heard it for years."

Boom tap-tap! Boom tap-tap! Boomity-boomity-oom-tap-tap! On it came, the sound of the fifes growing more and more distinct until the two heard clearly the strains of *"When Johnny Comes Marching Home."*

Seizing the old man's hand, the girl drew him after her into the front room. As they looked out the window they saw the crowd coming up the hill.

"Oh, they're coming here, Uncle! They're coming!"

It seemed as though the whole village was in line, men, women and children. Straight up the hill they marched until finally they stood in the dooryard and played with all the strength there was in them.

"You—You let them in, Bess," said Roden trembling.

She threw the front door wide open and bade them enter. She flushed when she heard someone in the crowd propose her name for a cheer and felt a queer lump in her throat when it was given with a vim.

THERE was a great stamping and scuffling of feet on the piazza, noisy laughter and loud voiced jokes as they flocked in like so many school children. When they had taken off their wraps, she led them out to Uncle Roden, who was trying to keep his eyes clear. He shook withered hands he had not felt within his own since the days when they were full and firm. Mary Foster was among the last to hobble up.

"I'm glad to see you here again, Mary," he said simply.

"And I to come, John."

Mary! John! How the years rolled away!

In a short time the rooms were alive with the buzz of talk and laughter. By the time the music had begun and the dancing was in full swing, the house on the hill was as young as ever it had been. Uncle Roden led the grand march with Mary Foster and Bess followed with old Bill Smith, much to the disappointment of Bill Smith, Jr. After this, the elders resigned the floor to the younger ones and, gathering in little groups, looked on in the enjoyment of the memories the music revived.

And the Squire was the centre of a dozen old men who called him John, forgetting all about the last forty years. Then came the supper.

It was as merry a group as ever sat about a table. Someone proposed a toast to "The Old Days" and then, Bess sprang to her feet and proposed "The New Days." Then they called on the Squire for a speech. He rose with all the confidence of his younger days but, when he faced them, his eyes blurred and his tongue refused to move. He gripped his chair and said, unsteadily,

"I—I am glad to see you all here. I —I hope you'll come agin."

Then he sat down amid noisy applause.

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ELEANOR FINDS A WAY

By OLIVE CARTER

Illustration by WILL GREFÉ

ELEANOR awoke with a start. Was it a footstep she had heard? She sat up, listening intently. Then, slipping out of bed, she crossed the dark room and looked at the little clock on her dresser. It was midnight. Wide awake now, she laughed nervously.

But just then she heard the floor creak under a muffled tread. She listened—there it was again—and again! Was there really a burglar in the house?

She stole to the door of her room, opened it noiselessly and peered out into the dark hall. There was a thin streak of light beneath the closed door of the room her parents occupied. Maybe her father was ill! She recalled as she stood there that for months he had seemed to be getting all the while a little more stooped and tired looking!

With a new fear clutching at her heart, Eleanor tiptoed down the hall and was about to tap on the door when she heard her father's voice: "I know it's going to be a terrible disappointment to her, but we can't send her away to school. I don't know how I'm even going to buy her the clothes she needs right now! My salary hasn't increased with the cost of living! Two years ago it was ample. But now it won't provide us with a comfortable living and—I'm discouraged, mother!"

His voice trembled, then almost broke. Eleanor stood transfixed—she seemed unable to move or think! Then she heard her mother speaking.

"I had no idea things were so bad. I'm so *sorry*! If only I could help you!"

"Oh, you do, dear!—all the while!" her father replied hoarsely. "It's no fault of ours. We've never lived extravagantly, but these last two years have been terrible! Everything has doubled and trebled in price—and I've had only one small increase in salary. Our bank balance tonight is just $15.47! Whatever happens, though, don't tell Eleanor!"

For a long, long time, she sat there.

AT the words a great feeling of love and pity swept over Eleanor. The first impulse was to rush in and try to comfort them both. But knowing that she had overheard would only disturb them the more! So with tear-filled eyes she tiptoed back to her own room. Switching on the light, she dropped into the little chair before her dressing table.

"I *will* help them," she whispered. "I'm old enough to go to work now—and I will! But what can I do?"

For a long time, she sat there thinking. Then she picked up the magazine she had been reading. Mechanically she paused at a story, wondering if she could write fiction. Or could she earn some money taking magazine subscriptions? Finally, she seemed to get an inspiration, for she closed the magazine and, as she sat, chin resting on her palm, a glad expression came into her eyes.

As soon as her father had gone to the office next morning, Eleanor confided her plan to her mother, and the two agreed that it should be kept a secret. Somehow there was a much more cheerful atmosphere in the household from that time on. Eleanor and her mother seemed so happy and her mother shared her glad secret.

One night, though, Eleanor almost betrayed her secret. It was her nineteenth birthday, and after dinner her father had pressed into her hand a crisp $50 bill and told her it was her birthday present from him and her mother. He said they had wanted to get her a nice party dress but thought she would prefer selecting it herself.

As he drew her into his arms and told her he wanted her to have everything to make her happy, Eleanor thought she detected the same break in his voice that had pierced her heart that night in the hall.

She burst out: "Oh! No! Father! Don't give me all this money! I don't need it!" She was going to say "as much as you do!" Then she remembered that her father didn't know she had heard his words that night. So she took the money and almost smothered him with kisses.

For two or three months, things went on as usual in the Morton home. Eleanor, however, did not select the birthday dress —and it bothered her rather a little. Nearly every evening he asked her when she was going to get it. But Eleanor put him off—she said she was not going to get it till she found just the *right* one.

THEN, finally, one March evening the whole secret came out in a wonderful way. At last Eleanor had the long-expected dress. She had telephoned her father that she was going to wear it to a party that afternoon and would surprise him when he came home that night.

Really more interested than he would have admitted, Mr. Morton reached home before Eleanor had returned from the party.

As father and mother sat talking together in the living-room, they heard the outside door open and someone tripped lightly up the stairs. In just a moment came down again—and what an Eleanor stood before them!

The walk in the wind had coaxed the pink of rosebuds to her cheeks, her eyes were sparkling with sheer happiness and like a rare jewel in a perfect setting, all her natural attractiveness was brought out and emphasized by the dainty, stylish, little frock she wore.

For several moments no one spoke. Then turning around, Eleanor asked:

"Well, don't you like it, father?"

"It's *perfect*, dear!" and both pride and wonder shone in his face. "It's the most beautiful dress you've ever had—and well worth waiting for! But where did you buy such a wonderful dress for $50?"

"That's the real surprise! I didn't buy it at all—I made every stitch of it *myself*, didn't I, mother? And here's another part of the surprise!" Eleanor exclaimed, and picking his hand in both of hers she placed in it a crisp $50 bill like he had given her on her birthday.

"But—I don't understand!" Mr. Morton began. "I didn't know that either you or mother could *sew* at all—let alone make a dress like that!"

WELL, father," Eleanor said, "a few months ago, it came to me suddenly that I ought to help you and mother in some other way than just assisting with the housework. But at first, I didn't know of any way to do it.

"Then one night the solution of my problem came to me in the form of a magazine article. It told the story of an institute of domestic arts and sciences that was conducting a wonderful method by which any woman *anywhere* could learn right at home to make becoming clothes.

"I saw right away that if I could learn to make stylish and becoming clothes for myself, myself it would mean the truest kind of economy. So I wrote at once and asked the Woman's Institute to tell me all about the plan.

"Well, the information I received was a revelation to me. The institute provided just the opportunity I needed. So I joined and took up dressmaking. When my first lesson came, I realized that any woman could learn dressmaking by this wonderful new plan! The language is so simple a child could understand it, and the pictures are simply marvelous.

"The best part of all is that right away you begin making actual garments. Why, from the third lesson I made a beautiful waist. I have lots of pretty clothes to show you—they're in my closet upstairs, where I hid all my lessons and my work.

"Why, father, it's been such fun to make them. The course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour or two each day. The text-books take one step and explain everything. And the teachers take as personal an interest as if they were right beside you.

"Besides learning how to make every kind of garment in a wardrobe of half or more, I learned the all-important thing in making clothes—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, and how to add those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming.

"And now, father—and this is really the best part of my experience—the Institute has taught me the way to get all the material I wanted to find. I know you wonder how I could have this beautiful dress and so many other clothes and give you back the $50 besides. Well, my first plan was simply to surprise you by making this dress and then to show you that by spending that money for clothes I really had been able to get the dress and ever so many other things, too. Three weeks ago this dress was done and I was going to call you and tell you the secret that night but some of the girls in the class and I couldn't resist showing it to them. They were simply wild about it and begged me to make some dresses for them.

"I'd never dreamed of sewing for others, but then the big thought came that I could not only save on mother's clothes and mine, but I could make some money, too. So I agreed to do three dresses *for* the girls and I earned this $50 making them. I finished the last one yesterday.

"And today the other girls at the party wanted me to accept commissions from them. I'll have more than I can do for weeks! I've got it all planned to turn that sunny side room into a little shop—and, father, isn't it wonderful how it's all come out?"

"Wonderful!" and he held her away—maybe so she couldn't see what glistened in his eyes—"it's a wonderful finish—and you've made me the proudest and happiest father in the world!"

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It was nearly midnight when, tired and flushed, he stood alone again by the girl's side. He placed his arm over her shoulder and gazed into the rosy embers. Slowly and solemnly the clock struck twelve. The month was ended.

She freed herself gently and held out to him the purse containing the remainder of her allotment.

"You're boss again," she said. "It's all over."

He stared stupidly at the purse, not understanding.

"All over?" he asked.

"It was to be for a month."

"All over?" He drew her towards him. "No, Bess," he said hoarsely. "No, it's just begun! The—the other is all over. I felt tonight almost as though She was here."

The next morning as, light of heart, she was starting for the post office, he handed her a bulky envelope.

"Wish you'd mail this," he said, trying to look unconcerned.

She could not help but notice the address. It read "*Mrs. Mary Foster, Canbury, Maine*," and looked suspiciously as though it contained some legal document—a mortgage deed, for example.

"An' there's another thing," he said, "What size gloves d'ye wear?"

The next day he made his will without the least bit of difficulty."

Dead Men's Shoes

(*Continued from Page 50*)

She came in, clad in the simple dress she had worn in the office so many, many mornings. Her face was pale and yet he thought he had never known her look so sweet. She put out her hand.

"I hope," she said very gravely, "you are not ashamed of me for sailing under false pretenses? I have grown to hate anything false."

He nodded. "Honor bright," he said, "no matter what happens, I think it's up to all of us to be true."

"Honor bright," she echoed the words after him, "do you know you have made me realize—what that means?"

There was nothing for him to say. He sat there with the steady cheerfulness back in his eyes, though none but himself and God knew what an effort it was for him to keep it there. You see, he was thinking all through it, "She is going out of life for me, and I must get used to it."

"I—I have lived all my life," she added hurriedly, "in a world where one does not speak of honor. One is supposed to do what it, along with other things, and we get to taking it for granted, and keeping it out of sight until it grows rusty, and when we do bring it to the light some of us are ashamed, and—and some of us just forget we ever had it at all. Do you know what I mean?"

He nodded. "Yes. But it's—it's really a thing for everyday use, isn't it?"

She appeared not to hear him. There was evidently something more which she wanted to get over saying. "When you took me to dinner that night, with

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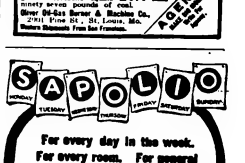

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—with the little masseuse, and Miss Minns and the lame boy, I saw it printed all over you and that shabby beautiful room. Honor and human kindness and unselfish thought! I was especially unhappy, because I had engaged myself to a man who has all his life thought first of himself, and who thought he was doing a big thing to let me in on it and think several times a day of *me!* You see," "the most horrible thing about it was that something made me want him to keep on doing it, because he was the biggest man I knew and the best-order clothes! But that night," she paused and then went on still hurriedly, "I told him I had met someone bigger in an old office coat."

MR. WILLIS stood quite still. His eyes, seeking her face, found some new brightness upon it that steadied him at a time when something was tearing at his heart. He told himself again, and yet again, that there was nothing he could say.

She said it for him, "I want to be friends. Will you—go that far on faith?" She was reaching out her hand.

He took it humbly, holding himself in control, though her fingers, slipped into his, set his pulses beating. "To be your true friend," he said, "through all the years of my life would be the most beautiful thing that could happen."

"The *most* beautiful?" She was breathless and looking at him strangely.

His face turned colorless, but he kept himself steady in spite of the pain to him of what he must not say. Then suddenly it seemed to him that she would understand, that after all, between them truth was best.

"The most beautiful," he said steadily, "but one, which will never happen, because—there are stars fixed in heaven which men may not draw down."

"Wait," she said, "and—and let us be honest. It—it was Tessie who told me that—that a girl is not straight who doesn't play fair—and—and that you had grown to care, and that I must play fair with you. She said you were not eating, or—or sleeping, and that I might be good society but that I was a pretty poor article if I drew you on as a stenographer and dropped you as a swell!" She was laughing now, through inexplicable tears, and "Oh," she said breathlessly, "can't you see that Tessie knew my end of it, too, and that when she came to me here last night she showed me my own heart?"

He was pulling himself together. "You mean—" he began, but his voice faltering, died out.

"I mean," she said, "that I love you because you—you wear shoes that are made for a man! And you are going to manage books for the Mercantile, and for both of us. *Both* of us!"

To Mr. Willis, as he bent to kiss her hand and pledge his fealty, it was the beginning of a new heaven and a new earth!

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The March of the Red Cross

(*Continued from Page 62*)

unified Red Cross Service reaching from Washington into every part of the United States, but an effort nevertheless by the community to solve community problems.

It is a noteworthy thing that so far this effort, considered solely as a distinct Red Cross effort has forged far ahead in the smaller communities of the country. Towns like Danville and Winchester in Virginia, and Perth Amboy in New Jersey, have become alive to the situation and have invited the Red Cross to help them make a survey of their town and as a result have thoroughly aroused their citizens to the necessity for a definite community effort. They have become alive to the need for public health measures, for recreational programs, for family welfare and for legislation protecting human life, and have realized that the Red Cross is the logical body to which to turn for help in finding a solution for local problems.

In places like Saginaw, Michigan, all the chapter activities are housed under one roof and inspiring work is being done. In country districts in South Dakota the nursing program has already taken hold so strongly that county after county is ready to put on county nurses as soon as they are able to get them.

In many rural districts the Red Cross has become an organization embracing all the people of the community. In Logan County, West Virginia, for instance, a mountainous coal-producing county, over five thousand people are back of the Red Cross in this new program compared with an enrollment of sixteen hundred for war service. Not only the heads of sixty coal camps of the region are enthusiastically behind the chapter, but every man, woman and child as well. This result has not been easily attained as difficulties of all kinds are encountered in working in such a country. Transportation, for instance, has been an exceedingly difficult problem many of the roads as being in creek beds or simply cow tracks across the mountains. Quite often the workers have been misjudged in their purposes and looked upon with doubt and suspicion by people who had no understanding of the Red Cross. Personal contact, however, and unremitting work and service have changed all that and the Red Cross is now on a firm foundation for peace time work.

IT is almost impossible, indeed, to give any adequate idea of the marvelous variety of the problems which the Red Cross workers have set themselves to solve; of the different community plans and solutions which are engaging their attention. The field of their endeavor includes small towns in California fruit districts, which have lived peacefully for years with little conception of what their growing Slav, Japanese, Italian and Mexican elements were bringing to the community. It includes lumber districts with fifty per cent foreign populations where ranching has been slowly developed and where the civilization is still that of the typical early settlers. It embraces Americanization problems in counties where the foreign population is mostly Hindu or Chinese and the American, poor whites from Georgia brought by the lure of high wages paid to cotton pickers, living in almost decent recreation or housing facilities amid terrible heat. A list of Red Cross service, indeed, could be extended almost indefinitely if the plans on record in Washington, received from Red Cross chapters all over the United States, could be given space. It would be complicated almost endlessly, too, by the list of what the larger cities are doing where the work has more generally merged itself into a community effort, with the Red Cross simply a partner and backer, as the preparedness work in Troy, the health work in St. Louis; the fine emergency work in the influenza epidemic in Chicago and New York City and many other large places.

IT is difficult, indeed, to estimate what this widespread enthusiasm for a program of real Red Cross service means, or to predict how far it will take us. The Red Cross First Aid work, for instance, which started in 1909 has grown to such proportions that last year over twenty thousand people attended the classes. These people were scattered throughout the Red Cross industries, adding twenty thousand more to the hundreds of thousands who already had learned how to care for people who are badly injured. In the anthracite fields virtually every industry has been covered. More than half a million railroad men alone have taken the course. Last year, over one hundred thousand women took the course in nursing and household sanitation and this year the number will be tremendously increased. Apply such a nation-wide effort to our community problems, as well as to our national health, and it is easy to see what a real, tremendous force for a better America the Red Cross bids fair to be.

THE Junior Red Cross has already started upon its share of the new program. Few people realize that the Juniors, as a matter of figures, have fourteen million American boys and girls enrolled at this moment—a much larger membership than they ever had during the war. They are carrying on even now what almost might be called a miniature Red Cross. In Bellville, Texas, as an example, a little girl with a crippled knee was made the special care of one of the Junior Auxiliaries in that city and now is well and attending school every day. In Carthage, Kansas, the Juniors are buying shoes for needy children. In Hutchinson, Kansas, they have opened a small hospital. In Pittsburg, Kansas, they are financing the distribution of milk in the poor districts by means of a truck. The milk is sold at one cent a cup. In North

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Carolina cotton mill centers, warm lunches are being furnished to school children. In schools all over the country children are making toys for toyless children, whether these be in their own towns or in distant Siberia or Europe. By the time this magazine appears a great cargo of toys will be on its way to Paris to be distributed among the countless children in Europe who have forgotten how to play. In the toys will be dump cars, ironing boards, acrobats, trick elephants, cannons, horses and riders, big Dutch girls and little Dutch girls, wooden soldiers, pile drivers, carts, giraffes, dodo birds and jumping jacks and all the other familiar creatures of toyland. And all made by our industrious little Juniors. There has already sailed from Seattle a ship for Vladivostok with a consignment of toys for the Russian children in the barracks at Russian Island to help make their enforced residence there a little easier. In all the chapters scattered along the North Pacific slope the children are collecting overcoats and clothing and boxing them up for refugees in Siberia. The Juniors at Tacoma have even appropriated One Thousand Dollars with which to purchase those things which they have not been able to collect.

IN all these ways—and a dozen others, which could be mentioned—the Junior Red Cross has begun to realize its slogan,—"Happy childhood the world over." Under its plans, our children are being given every opportunity to extend a helping hand at home and to aid movements for the health and happiness of the children of Europe. And while so doing they are being taught as well to study their own communities and their own kind and to realize the needs of their own America; to ascertain what their part may be in making it a better place in which to live.

Viewed from all its various sides, therefore, it is clear that the great Red Cross machine has finally executed its great change of direction and is now headed towards the tremendous work that awaits it here at home—a work for Americans, by Americans, in America!

We have found that we are unable to present in this number, "The Gifted Child," an article by Angelo Patri, announced last month. We shall have to further postpone this contribution because we have just received from Mr. Patri a very timely article which will appear in the April number, called the "Public Schools are Falling Down." It is a report of actual conditions and an appeal to all of us to help to keep the whole public school system from further decline on account of the lack of teachers and the inability or unwillingness of the citizen body to pay for the teachers' services.

In an eloquent plea for the children, the author says, "It is to-day that counts with the children! It is the teacher who is in the classroom to-day that counts. The notion that it won't do any harm to place a cheap teacher in charge of the children is absurd. It is to-day that counts with your child. An unfit teacher will mark him for life!

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A Hundred Million Neighbors

(Continued from Page 60)

organization. The first proposition got three votes; the second got none and the third carried almost unanimously. The "Children for the Children" society bought nature books with the money.

Battaplanchinsk school children raise honey and potatoes every year. They sell at almost half the market price, but, in 1918, they made a profit of 250 rubles, after helping greatly in the task of feeding the neighborhood. Not one of the 118 members was over 12 years of age.

I have told about these children's societies to emphasize the interest in the Co-operative movement which is sweeping over Russia today.

The really full-fledged Co-operative Societies in Russia, those which grew up early in the war or were established before the war began, are exercising an influence which is almost incredible. One of these societies is at Kiskovi, in the Minsk district. It has built a $25,000 meeting house for the people. It has a weaving factory and a creamery and a bank. It operates an agricultural school and gives a yearly exposition. When it investigated school conditions in the town it found that 80 per cent. of the children were illiterate. A school was started and, within four years, illiteracy among the children dropped to 20 per cent. And, just to put a finishing touch to its efficiency, it built a five-mile electric railway line to connect with the nearest railroad.

Staraja-Barda, in the Tomsk district, is one of the star Co-operative towns of Russia. The folks there, through their various Co-operative Societies, sent off and bought an electric turbine plant, which they put in the river. The town is 300 miles away from such civilization as there is in that region, but today, in Staraja-Barda, every house and every street is lighted with electricity. The creamery is operated by electricity. Grain is ground by the same power. The houses are built of power-mill lumber. Electricity has done the work of the town so well and so cheaply that the Co-operatives have been able to build a library and fill it with books; to erect an auditorium where plays are given and even to have movies, which is the limit of luxury in Russia.

The dream of the big Co-operative societies in Russia and of the even bigger unions of Co-operatives is to utilize electrical machinery. The first demand that Russia will make upon the world, after the Bolsheviki have been superseded by sane men, will be for agricultural machinery; the next will be for electrical plants.

These demand heavy expenditures which are possible only to Co-operative societies, but these societies have grown so tremendeously in the past two years that, when the "clouds roll by" in Russia, manufacturers in the United States will discover that Russia will be a rich and insatiable field for even their heaviest and most expensive machinery.

Neighborliness in Russia could not be killed by bayonets or locked up in a cell and it fought with nobler and stronger weapons than Lenine and Trotsky, with all their power and madness, could summon to their aid.

When the Bolshevik, desperately, seized the Moscow Narodny Bank, it failed to get its hands on Co-operation. The bank merely split into two parts: the Soviet-Russian bank and the Anti-Soviet bank. In Soviet Russia last year the turn-over of the Co-operatives, under the Soviet-Narodny bank, was a billion and three-quarters rubles, with profits of 20,000,000 rubles which the Bolshevik must permit to remain in Co-operative hands.

When the Bolshevik killed all insurance companies in Russia, on the theory that every working man would make so much money that he would not need life insurance and that the welfare of his wife and children, under a proletariat government, would be forever assured, the Co-operatives proceeded to organize the All-Russian Co-operative Insurance union. Lenine and Trotsky tried in vain to kill this union. The folks had decided to join together as neighbors and look out for the future of themselves and their families and that decision remained unchanged in spite of all the murderous opposition of the Red theorists.

At the last reports, the Bolshevik authorities had not only ceased to oppose this insurance union but had entered into negotiations with it, whereby it would insure all the cattle owned by the Bolshevik government.

Co-operation has more than doubled itself in Russia within the past two years. It has squared and cubed itself in the last generation. Russia lives by co-operation. It has become THE land of Co-operation. When, at last, the barriers are down and the merchants of the world find themselves able to trade with Russia, the first trade-hungry Russians that come out to meet them will be the spokesmen of neighborized Russia. And these spokesmen will have behind them all the real money in Russia—all the millions of silver and gold coins that have been buried for the past four years in the soil of the country districts of that great land.

The Russian people today are weaving for themselves a vast protective tapestry of unbreakable, invincible steel cables. Interwoven in it are the love of Russian men and women for their children; the dreams of Russian men and women for a better day for those children; the sacredness of home; respect for human beings and human life and human liberty and the infinite eternalness of humble righteousness. It is a tapestry worthy of being hung up against God's stars. It is as wonderful and beautiful as they, for in it are pictured all the good things that God has ever put into the minds and hearts of men. And the name of this tapestry is "Neighborliness."

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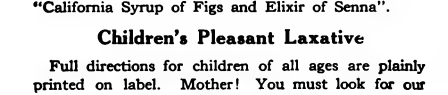

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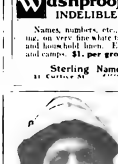
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A Red Cross Flat

(Continued from Page 43)

other sister took sick, the Red Cross nurse showed me right away on the dummy; she told me about the difference between having her on her back, and on her side, and about taking care not to hurt the appendix. If only I had known it all before, I might have saved my sister.

Down at the flat is not the only place where busy housewives of New York may go for instruction in home nursing and home dietetics. There are various stations scattered over the city.

At the Girls' High Schools of New York City the same courses are given. One of the interesting lessons, on the day that I visited the classes, was instruction in how to give a sponge bath to a patient in high fever.

Our patient lay in a beautifully clean white bed. First, the girls—ages fourteen to seventeen—were instructed in what things they needed to get ready, all simple appointments available in any home; then, how to arrange the bedding, how to handle the patient, and finally the procedure of the bath. As we progressed, our fevered patient suddenly had a violent reaction, she took a severe chill. She shivered, her teeth chattered, her lips grew blue—and her whole condition became critical. The girls rose to the occasion admirably, like young angels. They had previously received theoretical instruction and this was their opportunity to make a practical application of it—to save a woman's life, perhaps. Hot water bags were applied, blankets skilfully tucked around, hot drinks given, a "humane" bed arranged to make the patient comfortable in the crisis, simple medical remedies administered while we were waiting for the doctor and altogether such quick and intelligent service rendered that, though ill indeed, in but a few minutes her lips were pink, the shivering ceased, and warm and quiet and comfortable finally lay our patient—an old bisque doll!

Marvellous Red Cross teacher—how do you do it?

When the doll is really "the baby" the lesson is happy, indeed. Then the girls learn how to sew on the baby's little body-band—no pinning these days!—and how to set it skilfully and not stick baby's little arm; then they learn how to put on diapers in a really scientific way that is comfortable and hygienic; how to bathe the baby, not holding it in a sitting posture by supporting the back of its head, but keeping it flat and turning it from side to side—doing these things themselves in actual experience—and how to clothe the baby for the day and what to do at night. Dear fascinating study! When baby's put to bed, you may be sure she's kissed good-night!

The Red Cross flat has proved that the good old fundamental instincts still hold strong. Give them but half a chance! And through them hold steady the whole human race!

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How 4 Minutes a Year May Add Twenty Years to Your Life

By Robert Madison

WHY is it that even though you are apparently in good health, you frequently have all sorts of strange aches and pains, a depressed feeling, and "off" days?

Some days you'll wake up in the morning a-thrill with the joy of living. "It's great to be alive!" you exclaim. Your brain is wonderfully clear. There is lightness in your step and joy in your heart. You feel so bubbling over with life and energy that work is a pleasure. You get it done in almost no time and get keen enjoyment out of it. Even the most difficult tasks come easy to you. Your whole being functions so perfectly that you forget you have a body.

Then comes a day—or a series of days—when you feel like a flat tire. Gone is your light step and your cheerful outlook toward life. Things that formerly gave you pleasure now bore you dreadfully. Your work is hard to do. And it may be that aches and pains stab you here and there—nothing much in themselves, but sufficient to tell you that something is wrong somewhere.

These are experiences which have come to most of us, even to those who seem to be in good health. You've often asked yourself why you cannot enjoy exuberant health every day of your life—every thinking man often asks himself this question. And at what answer do you arrive? Well, it usually ends with, "I wonder why?" And that is as far as you can get.

Good Health Is Natural

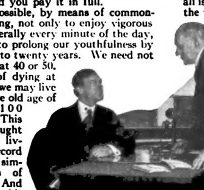
There is no reason why anyone who is not afflicted with a chronic disease of long standing should ever experience anything but vigorous health. All those strange aches and pains, feelings of depression and "off" days are wholly unnecessary. You don't have to have them. Get this fact in mind—good health is natural. Ill-health is unnatural and you needn't experience it unless you want to, which, of course, you do not.

Since earliest history the question of health has been shrouded in mystery. The people with patent medicines to sell have added to this mystery. But now it is beginning to be understood that good health is natural. You needn't do anything out of the ordinary to get and keep good health—just go on living as Nature intended you to, and good health will automatically result.

"People do not die, they kill themselves," is as true today as it was three thousand years ago when Seneca, the Roman philosopher, first expressed this thought. The human body contains in itself everything necessary for perfect health. If let alone and not abused it will run along perfectly, and aches and pains and depressed feelings will be conspicuous by their absence.

The trouble with most people is that they are not content to run along in Nature's way. They continually break Nature's laws. And they pay the price with ill-health. You can't play the fool with Nature. Play the game her way and she rewards you with a keenness of thought, a depth of feeling and a vigor that is the envy of all. But try to "put one over" on Nature by breaking her laws and you find she is an inexorable taskmaster. You pay the price, and you pay it in full.

It is possible, by means of commonsense living, not only to enjoy vigorous health literally every minute of the day, but also to prolong your youthfulness by from ten to twenty years. We need not grow old at 40 or 50. Instead of dying at 60 or 70, we may live to the ripe old age of 90 or 100 years. This can be brought about by living in accord with the simple laws of Nature. And we can do this without interfering with our usual life in the slightest and without taking up any fad or "ism."



The constant drive of business leaves little time to give proper thought to health. Yet there is a way requiring only four minutes of your time a year, to insure perfect physical condition and to prevent the premature cutting off of your life

There Is No "Sudden Death"

We hear of many cases of where people are "suddenly" stricken with illness which may or may not prove fatal. Now the first thing to get in mind is that there is no such thing as "sudden" illness. Nature does not work that way. She plays fair and always gives us warning when something is wrong.

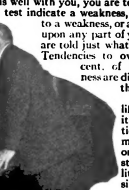
Aches and pains are not sent to plague us. They are Nature's way of telling us that something is wrong; they are like the switchman on the railroad track waving a red flag. They are simply a warning that we should take prompt measures to remedy the condition that causes them. So, when you have an ache or a pain of any kind, remember that it is a danger signal from Nature warning you to look out before the smash comes.

Now Nature goes even farther than this in her desire to protect us. There are certain signs which, when we understand them, will give us warning of the aches and pains that are due to come—a sort of double advance warning. Thanks to Nature's kindly warning we can head off illness by discovering the *slightest tendency* towards illness, and we need not suffer from any aches and pains. We can actually enjoy vigorous health at all times and have the reasonable certainty of living to a ripe and vigorous old age.

Heed These Warnings

Thousands of men and women throughout America—among them hundreds of prominent people—are now literally insuring active, vigorous health and the practical certainty of adding from ten to twenty years to their life. They do this by periodically undergoing a simple health-test. This test requires but four minutes of your time per year. It is made every three months. You need not leave your home, you need not consult a physician. And you need not remember to make the test for you are reminded regularly, and automatically.

This great new service is performed by the National Bureau of Analysis, of Chicago. An authoritative report is sent to you. If all is well with you, you are told so. Should the test indicate a weakness, or a tendency to a weakness, or an undue strain upon any part of your body, you are told just what it is and why. Tendencies to over ninety per cent. of all human illness are discovered when they first appear. This surely is life insurance in its most practical form. It means that in ordinary circumstances there is little or no possibility of your ever becoming afflicted with chronic illness or disease. Any trouble you may have is caught before it becomes serious.



You are practically guaranteed a vigorous, healthy and happy life and the likelihood of a ripe old age. And not only this, but the reasonable certainty that your present state of health will be greatly improved—your digestion strengthened, your mental alertness and physical vigor increased, and that you will enjoy carefree, vigorous health literally every minute of the day.

These things alone should be sufficient inducement for anyone to take the simple tests that practically guarantee perfect health. Then think also of getting that big load off your mind of worrying about your health—of wondering if and when you will be laid low by illness. It's safe to say that most people suffer more from *thoughts* of illness than from actual illness itself. By this new plan you are not only practically guaranteed vigorous health but are saved all the worry about the possibility of ill health.

Interesting Booklet Sent Free

No thinking man or woman will refuse at least to look into such a remarkable proposition as this. Merely mail the coupon and full information will be sent to you by return mail, together with the interesting booklet entitled "Why Men Die Too Young." You will find this booklet full of surprising facts and well worth reading. It may show you, as it has shown thousands of others, how to add twenty years to your life in return for only four minutes of your time a year.

Do not wait until you are laid low by illness and have heavy doctor bills to pay. Prevent illness, insure vigorous health and the reasonable certainty of a ripe old age, by mailing the coupon now, or simply write a post card or letter to the National Bureau of Analysis, 1021 P. C. Republic Bldg., Chicago, and the interesting facts will be sent to you at once, post paid.

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Remember the time when you had that dreadful congestion of the lungs—and Grandma slapped a stinging, messy mustard plaster on your chest? How you writhed and tossed and begged Grandma to "take it off"?

That was many years ago. Now, Grandma gets the jar of Musterole, for now she knows Musterole is *better* than a mustard plaster.

She knows that it relieves colds, congestions, and rheumatic aches and pains.

And, what is best, it relieves *without discomfort or blister.*

Musterole is a clean white ointment made of oil of mustard and other home simples.

Just rub it gently over the spot where there is congestion or pain. It penetrates down under the skin and generates a tingling, pleasant heat. Healing Nature does the rest. Congestion and pains both go away.

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The Red Cross Carries On

(*Continued from Page 20*)

nutrition. The Red Cross is conducting classes in home dietetics. These are and must continue to be community efforts.

"And now how to co-ordinate the disjointed health activities which I mentioned a while ago. The establishment of Health Centers, now going on, seems to be a logical step to bring about the desired result. These health centers will serve to draw local and regional health activities to a common center; they will serve as clearing houses.

"This plan is not designed to kill, overshadow or absorb agencies already existing, but rather to strengthen them and stimulate their initiative. We must and will co-operate with such national organizations as the National Tuberculosis Association, The National Child Hygiene Association, the National Social Hygiene Association and the various Federal, state and local health agencies.

"The Red Cross now is supported by the membership dues of millions of American citizens—one dollar contributions!

"I don't want to see our Red Cross stand for anything but organized Americanism! It represents no single class or creed. It stands for the great essential in any democracy—service.

"I hope I shall never hear The Red Cross referred to as a charity organization, or this or that 'society.' It must always stand for the ideal of unselfish service which came into full expression during the war.

"You can't solve the economic and social problems of this world until you have solved its health problems. Italy, France, England and Japan independently have come to the same conclusion. For America the Red Cross as developed by the war seems to offer the best unofficial agency to deal effectively in the coming years with the problem of decreased vitality. That is one of the reasons why we must carry on.

Billy Brad

(*Continued from Page 53*)

Do you know why?"

For a moment Billy Brad rubbed the dust out of a crack in the walk with the toe of his shoe, and then he looked up at Uncle Peter Henry's tortoise-shell glasses.

"Because—because we don't want to spoil each others' gardens, Uncle Peter Henry!" Uncle Peter Henry clapped him approvingly on the back.

"You've hit it, Billy Brad!" he said heartily; "You've hit it right spang in the bull's-eye!"

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Irving Bacheller

(*Continued from Page 14*)

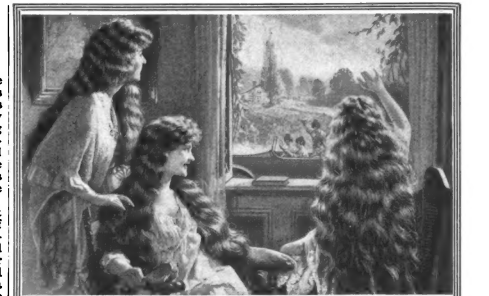
base and sly and sensual and in the story which he has written for this magazine he has made his hatreds plain. The vulgar play, the cheap low song, the false and corrupting moving picture, all come in for his condemnation. "Why should all these wonderful agencies for the education of the people be turned over to the conscienceless New York exploiter of the young?" he inquires.

Just now he is full of a new project of Americanization. He is dreaming of a vast out-door permanent stage whereon the great drama of our National Development may be re-enacted for the instruction of those men and women who know America only as a crowded place a little less miserable than the one from which they fled and whose children know only the sordid city ward and precinct in which they were born. Bacheller would embody the traditional America for the immigrant American. "I would assist the young Jew, Pole, Lett or Slovak to visualize the work and character of the men who made the civilization which he is about to inherit, by placing on this mighty stage certain epochal scenes in the century-long march of the pioneer—the prairie schooner, the clearing of the forest and the battles with Indians. I would put before the 'New' American, scenes like Valley Forge, The Surrender of Yorktown, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, The Meeting of Grant and Lee at Appomattox, and other of the splendid events of our history."

It is of no use to tell him that his plan is too costly, he continues to dream his dream and, whether it comes to realization or not, a discussion of it will serve to point the moral of his thesis, which is, that we should not sit quietly by and permit the forces of evil to monopolize the recreational agencies of the people.

It is deeply heartening to remember that this very successful man has never written a line that is base or suggestive. His stories are simple in structure, his characters helpful and his philosophy cheerful and altruistic. Such a man proves that success is not dependent upon sensationalism or mawkish sentimentality. Through all his written chapters he still remains the genial and kindly interpreter.

The first installment of Irving Bacheller's new novel, "The Prodigal Village," will appear in the April number of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE. This is the novel which Mr. Garland describes as a complete expression of Bacheller's love for his native land.



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They have worked at a disadvantage but they have never faltered, for they know their importance to both the commercial and social life of the country.

These two hundred thousand workers are just as human as the rest of us. They respond to kindly, considerate treatment and are worthy of adequate remuneration. And the reward should always be in keeping with the service desired.

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